THE PLIGHT OF CANADIAN FICTION? A REPLY

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

I CONFESS myself as among the admirers of Mr. Callaghan's work, his novels as well as his short stories. And I also agree that there is a deal of truth in his statement of "The Plight of Canadian Fiction;"* but I cannot chime in with the conclusions he seems to draw. More, the statement seems to me, in spite of Mr. Callaghan's obvious desire to be fair to publishers and editors of magazines, to leave the smudge of a blame where it does not belong: it is much too lenient in its appraisal of the Canadian public; it ignores the critic; and, finally, it views the Canadian writer in far too rosy a light.

The failure of any considerable body of Canadian fiction to impose itself on any considerable Canadian public is indeed monumental; it assumes the proportions of a natural phenomenon. We have a book-shelf reaching from Halifax to Victoria; and on it stands one single book, written by a Frenchman transient in Canada. That, in sober fact, is the situation; and to me it is appalling; for a book is a book only when it is read; otherwise it is a bundle of gathered sheets of soiled paper.

There are four agencies that may be responsible; any one, any two, any three, or all four of which may be responsible. In what follows it is my contention that the responsibility must be shared by three.

The four agencies are: the writer, the publisher, the critic, the public. I shall discuss them briefly in turn, leaving the case of the writer to the last.

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I

In order to get at the publisher as one of the possible agencies at fault, let us, for the moment, assume that the writer has done his work carefully, faithfully, and not without that talent which is indispensable as a prerequisite for his work.

Being, by hypothesis, a Canadian, he wishes to submit it to a Canadian publisher.

Right here he is due for a surprise. He will find that the per capita number of publishers in Canada is amazingly small. Being a man of sense, he would not, of course, expect to find in Canada the multiplicity and variety of publishing enterprises to be found in Great Britain or in the United States. What he might reasonably expect is to find them as numerous as they are, let us say, in Sweden and Norway combined. If he has listened to the average Toronto business man who blindly vouches for it that there can be no country to equal Canada in cultural opportunities—Canada being, thank the Lord, still largely "a white man's country"—he might even think that it should excel, in the number of publishing houses, the queer and outlandish nations to be found in the Scandinavian peninsula. But such is not the case. The Canadian publishers who are publishers, properly speaking, can be accounted for on the fingers of one hand.

Is it the publishers' fault? Every now and then a new publishing firm opens its doors, bent upon arresting the decline of the race. Its career is usually brief and inglorious. It seems that the existing small number is fully able, and more than able, to saturate the market and to take care of what production there is. The reason, to be looked for later, is very likely the same that accounts

for the appalling scarcity of retail book-shops or the deplorable plight of Canadian broadcasts. A book-shop, by the way, is, in Europe, a place where books are not only sold but discussed, analysed, and quarrelled about as well.

As Mr. Callaghan has pointed out, a second surprise awaits the young writer when he finds that not one of these publishers makes the publishing, that is the printing and marketing, of Canadian books his exclusive business; just as there are no book-shops that sell only books, of which there are several in every fifth-rate town in Czecho-Slovakia.

In Canada, publishers rely for their bread and butter, and occasionally for trips to Europe and Cadillac cars, on the business of distributing throughout the Dominion books printed and published elsewhere. If, then, the Canadian writer finds a Canadian publisher favourably impressed with his work, he is, more likely than not, faced with the necessity of first discovering a publisher in England or in the United States who will print for, and sell sheets to, the Canadian publisher; and, naturally, the publisher in England or the United States prefers his authors to have been born in his own country instead of in the Canadian wilds.

I repeat: Is it the publishers' fault? It is not. The reason for such an extraordinary state of affairs must be sought in one of two things. Either there is a scarcity of books written in Canada or there is a scarcity of buyers of Canadian books.

I have been in the publishing business myself; and I can testify to the fact that, as far as mere numbers go, Canada excels other countries in the number of books written. In fact, I soon realized, when I became a publisher's reader, that I could no longer trust even my

apparently most harmless and respectable-looking friends, male or female; they sat by my fire-side, chatting most charmingly; and then it came out: they had all written books and looked to me to have them published; and not my friends only. Under the avalanche of manuscripts the sorrowful conviction was forced on me, that in my youthful innocence—I was not yet sixty—I had been mistaken all the while: the chief industry of Canada was not agriculture; it was writing; six out of its eight million English-speaking citizens dreamed of literary fame. If a publisher had printed all these books, on condition that every author he published should buy one copy of every other book published by him, he would soon have been a multi-millionaire capable of lifting the national debt.

If, on the other hand, he had had to rely on the remaining two millions to buy the books, the story would have been different. It might be argued that, by the single fact of their abstention, they proved that they should have been the ones to write the books—which, of course, could have been only satires in Praise of Folly. I believe I am rather quick in detecting even a spark of promise in a manuscript; but had I depended on the sparks which I detected in the welter of manuscripts for lighting my furnace, I should have had to sit in the cold.

There is such promise, of course; among eight million people there must be at least eight promising young writers; they did not come to me. As Mr. Callaghan says, they took their wares to the United States; he might have added that very few of them ever even offer their books in Canada. Being aware of the wider market and the unlimited opportunities in the country to our south, they send their manuscripts there in the first place; and if they get an acceptance, they usually follow them in person. Anyone who has watched matters, as I have

done for close to fifty years, knows that. Even "tripe," as everybody is aware, finds a market and a public across the border; where should we be without tripe? In Canada, it is true, many of the manuscripts would never have got an acceptance; being an agent as well, the Canadian publisher would have had to put them in direct and immediate competition with the best-sellers of two great markets at once. I shall all but state it as my opinion, lower down, that such a success of a Canadian writer, especially if won in the United States, means almost certainly the ruin of that writer as a writer, though not, perhaps, as a business man. It also means incidentally the loss of that writer to Canada.

Yet even Mr. Callaghan admits that occasionally a Canadian book finds its way into print in Canada. Is it as rare as he tries to make out? Apart from my brief excursion into the publishing business—in the course of which I gave two writers who had not submitted their wares to me the chance of seeing themselves in print—my experience is limited to myself. And if I presume, for a moment, to speak of my personal experience, the fact should be taken as a sign of my modesty; I do not mean to advance exaggerated claims for my own productions; nobody knows their short-comings as well as I do.

Well, here is the sober fact: fifty per cent of my books, so far published, were first printed in Canada; thirty-seven and a half per cent have never been printed elsewhere. Yet this thirty-seven and a half per cent has brought me more applause—not money, mind you— than all the rest of my books together. In every case I myself predicted that, in Canada, these books could be published only at a loss; but outside of Canada nobody wanted them; they were considered as too exclusively Canadian.

And that does not hold good only for my published work, which represents a very small fraction of what I have written. A great English publisher recently sent me his readers' reports on a book of mine dealing with the industrial development of Canada; and in these reports I found such amazing statements as that the book was "a book on the grand scale," the work "of a distinct personality;" but that it was feared it would find no public in England. "For Canada," one of the readers added, "its importance is probably very great." Which seems to show that at least this English publisher had no confidence in the Canadian market as such, for I had offered him the rights for Canada as well as for England. I feel convinced that one day I shall see it printed in Canada—perhaps not till after my death, but I am in no hurry.

For whenever, in the past, I prophesied that a certain book of mine could be printed in Canada only at a loss, I found, to my surprise, that such a prophecy acted on the Canadian publisher as a stimulus rather than as a deterrent. Three different publishers, during the last fifteen years, cheerfully accepted the prospect. In only one case were the negotiations conducted orally; and I can, therefore, vouch for the publisher's attitude in that case only. "I know," he said when I warned him, "but this is a book which should be published in Canada; and I am going to publish it. It will be worth the fun." I admired that spirit then; I still admire it.

Though the point properly belongs in a later section of this article, I may add here that my prophecy was fulfilled: the book failed to cover expenses. What is more, to this day, ten years after its publication, I have not yet heard an appreciative echo, from among the public or the world of critics, that came from Canada;

but more than one such echo has come to me from continental Europe and from the antipodes.

As far, then, as my personal experience goes, if my writings have not made me wealthy I cannot blame the publishers. I must look for the fault in one of the other agencies.

II

The critics are next in line; and there the story is very different indeed.

A great deal of excellent critical work is being done in Canada, though not yet enough; unfortunately, nearly all of it is academic and deals with the dead. It appears in book form, in England; or in the university quarterlies. Among the many hundred Canadian reviews of my own books, to which my attention was drawn, I can think offhand of only one which went behind the letter-press to essentials. It was the only review that detected the presence of (what, according to one of our most popular reviewers of books, is almost completely absent from Canadian fiction) political and social criticism, in one of those books which, if I remember my intention aright, ought to have consisted of little else—though, as a novelist, I naturally expressed that criticism in the form of human experience rather than in the form of extraneous argument or social agitation, underlining the tragedy, not the need for reform. Characteristically, that one review came from the pen of the president of one of our universities, himself an accomplished writer, though not of fiction. I also seem to remember a long and brilliant review of Mr. Callaghan's work—a review which proved that at least this professorial critic was not handicapped by a purely academic outlook.

Unfortunately, the influence of our universities is

narrowly restricted. The three great Quarterlies which should be found in every house whose inmates lay claim to a liberal education, yes, in every public library in even the smallest town, are read largely by university men. I do not think that the review of my own book to which I referred was responsible for the sale of a single copy.

Next come the lay periodicals.

I believe it to be axiomatic that the general level of mental aliveness within a nation can best be measured by the spirit of intellectual adventure displayed in the critical activities of weeklies and monthlies. I have asked Europeans from three different countries, men who are keenly alert to anything going on in even the remotest corner of this globe, what they thought of our weekly and monthly periodicals as media of public enlightenment. Their only answer was a brief laugh and a scornful shrug of the shoulders. One only, on second thought, singled out, like Mr. Callaghan, the *Canadian Forum*. But look at the circulation figures of that solitary exponent of intellectual integrity!

There remains the daily press. It does not take a great deal of perspicacity to see that book-reviewing, not to say literary criticism, is treated as the Cinderella of the press. The space allotted and the salaries paid tell the all-sufficient tale. The field is a desert. I once ran across a brief notice of a new edition of *The Brothers Karamazov* in English translation. It contained nothing but a contemptuous reference to readers who may want that sort of thing. It was obvious that the writer of that notice had never heard of Dostoievsky.

I know of hardly one book-reviewer in Canada who, in judging a book not previously heralded by discussion in Great Britain or the United States, does not hopelessly flounder. The best that can be expected is a brief

"I like this" or "I dislike it;" and almost invariably the reviewer likes what he should dislike and dislikes what he should like. Almost, I say; for even in drawing a card from a deck the chances are one in thirteen that you draw an ace; but the chances are only one in two hundred and twenty-one that you draw two aces in succession. If, among the reviewers, there is any kind of established background from which to arrive at a considered judgment, I have failed to find it.

And the public stands for it: there was no outcry against that notice of *The Brothers Karamazov*, no demand for the head of its writer on a platter of brass.

III

And that brings us to the public. In a sense, Mr. Callaghan seems to defend that public. I cannot agree. The Canadian public is ignorant, cowardly, and snobbish; it is mortally afraid of ideas and considers the discussion of first principles as a betrayal of bad manners.

Unless they are very sure that it is socially disgraceful not to own a given book, they refuse to buy it. If it is imperative, socially, that they be able to talk about it, they borrow it. Even in order to own it, you don't necessarily have to buy it: you write to the author, and if the author knows what is what, he will send it to you with his autograph!

To how many people in Canada are books the daily companions they ought to be? Shall we say five hundred? Or is that too flattering? I mean, of course, outside of educational institutions.

Here is the point: any nation has the literature which it deserves; and no false enthusiasm, such as Mr. Callaghan treats to his scorn as one of the "boosting"

activities of this country, can alter that fact. More appallingly, Canadians are at bottom not interested in their own country; I honestly believe they prefer to read about dukes and lords, or about the civil war in the United States. They are supposed to be born explorers; but they have not yet heard that the human heart and soul are perhaps the only corners in this universe where unexplored and undiscovered continents are still abounding.

This lack of mental aliveness is fundamental. Canada is a non-conductor for any sort of intellectual current.

I am the last person to assert that the writer is entitled to a reward in the form of money; I shall have to say more about that in a moment. The trouble is that the Canadian public recognizes no other reward. The money standard, being the only one which it knows, is the only one by which it judges. Any writer who has made a success in terms of money, even though he wrote for the mentally immature, is a great writer; anyone who has failed to make such a success, even though the best in many countries applaud him, ranks among the riff-raff of the world.

Granting, then, for a moment, that "money talks," even if in a sense different from the commonly accepted one, permit me once more to give my personal experience.

I have written two books which sold widely in Canada: *A Search for America* and *Our Daily Bread*. Why did they sell? Because they happened to appear, one shortly before, one shortly after I made three consecutive lecture-tours through the country, which placed me, for the moment, under the lime-light. Wherever I went, people made much of me; I was mentioned in head-lines; I was interviewed; my entirely uninteresting opinions were

abundantly misrepresented: in one word, I was a social lion. Not to know me, not to display my books would have argued a lack of ability to keep "in the swim." My own weariness, my frequent disgusts remained unnoticed or at least disregarded. Had it not been for these facts, thousands who bought one or both of the books would never have done so. I have written other books; I have written better books; they remain unknown in this country.

What is the financial result to myself? Actual figures will tell the tale. But before I give them I must add one word, to place them in the proper perspective.

The book of mine which has made the greatest sales-success in this country—significantly, it is artistically the weakest— was first published in Canada, then in the United States, and last in England. The English publishers led the dance: less than four weeks after the date of publication they went into bankruptcy. The publishers in the United States followed; and at last even the Canadian firm which had bravely published it bit the dust. Whether these successive failures were causally connected with the printing of my book I cannot say with any degree of certainty; but those are the facts. Before the American publishers went to the wall, they dumped thousands of copies of my book, at cut-prices, on the Canadian market, illegally. In order to stop that—for naturally they paid no royalties on these sales—I stepped in and bought up the remaining American copies as well as the plates, to enter the business of selling over the bargain-counter in this country on my own account. Of course, for the good of my pocket-book I should not have done so.

If then, to-day, I total up royalties received on all my books and expenses incurred in behalf of the one most

successful of all, the difference is close to eighteen hundred dollars in my disfavour. To that extent, the Canadian public has short-changed me.

Or let me leave out my losses and consider transactions only which resulted on the credit side; what reward, in a money sense, would that have given me? Perhaps I should say that I am a slow worker, that it takes me years to put a book into a shape in which I care to publish it. Well, my remuneration for the work which I have done in the field of Canadian writing, take it for whatever it may be worth, has been a trifle less than two cents an hour. If I am correctly informed, that is less than the law prescribes as the minimum wage for a married man.

Do I complain? I do not. The thing amuses me; perhaps it may amuse others.

IV

With that we come to the writer; and it is here that at last I take serious issue with Mr. Callaghan.

Mr. Callaghan puts the case as if the writer should make his living by his pen. To him, it appears, a writer is necessarily a professional writer. I part company from him.

"In my time," said the painter Degas to a young man complaining or boasting, I forget which—"In my time, monsieur, we did not *get on*." That was putting it neatly.

Or let me quote Nietzsche. "For the attainment of greatness"—and, like Mr. Callaghan, I am talking only of writers who aim at greatness—"For the attainment of greatness a man must first become acquainted with profound self-contempt, with the martyrdom of self-distrust, with the misery of the defeated."

I wonder how many of the great works of literature would have been written, how many of the great works of music, composed, how many of the great canvasses, painted, if writer, composer, painter had even expected to make his immediate living by them; or, worse still, if he had actually made it.

I believe that the very expectation would have warped his outlook. It is the work of art that matters, not the artist. At least he matters only in one single aspect of which I shall speak at the end.

Mr. Callaghan himself admits that for those who have their eye on the market there is as good a chance in Canada as anywhere else. It is true, our magazines do not pay the fees which the *Saturday Evening Post* pays. Perhaps, if in their own fields—which are neither Mr. Callaghan's nor mine—they were as good as the *Saturday Evening Post*, they might command an international market as well as a national one; and it is my belief that it would be entirely within the possibilities to make them as good, though hardly with a purely Canadian staff of contributors.

But Mr. Callaghan and I are not talking of the writer who writes in order to supply the quite legitimate demand of a more or less illiterate public with such reading as will enable it to close its eyes to the things that matter. Admittedly we are talking about the writer "who goes on, year after year, doing the thing he loves, never yielding, and maybe taking a bad beating now and then. . . ."

For that writer I should like to lay it down as axiomatic that no "living" is in sight *in no matter what country, at no matter what time*. That writer may have a chance success which will place him beyond all worry and care; it has happened; but he will not owe it to the

excellence, he will owe it to the weakness of his work. As matters stand, and as they have stood for the last few thousand years, the presumption must *a priori* be against the best-seller. But why, you ask? Because the writer worth his salt plunges into the unknown; and he has, of necessity, first to create that taste by means of which he expects to be appreciated. Such a task may take a decade, as Mr. Callaghan suggests; I am inclined to think that, more probably, it will take a lifetime or longer. Look into the history of literature and you will have to admit that I am right; look into the history of music or any other art.

When I first listened to the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, I felt dimly that here was a giant of whom I was a pigmy replica; and then I asked myself whether, had Beethoven not been "too poor to be respected" (to quote one of his biographers), he could have written that Ninth, or the Third, or, for that matter, the Fifth, or the Sixth, or the Seventh. It is a deplorable fact, but it is a fact nevertheless, that success does not stimulate man to his highest endeavour; it is defeat which does that.

And there are compensations. In my own writing life—modest as my efforts have been compared with those of the great—I have, through my books, made a dozen friends, half of them in this country, whose applause, whose often qualified applause, has not only given me happy moments but has spurred me on to ever-renewed endeavour and to that spirit which made me feel and say, "I shall get there yet!" And, I believe, I am exactly twice Mr. Callaghan's age.

"I shall get there yet!" Where? Arrive at a material success? No. Emphatically no. But at the point where I might be able to say that, in the form of fiction,

I had definitely expressed what I had set out to express—a tremendous task. Taking things by-and-large, the writer who, his book finished, feels that he has embodied his vision without residue has very likely not aimed high enough; not, at any rate, as high as he might have aimed. Had he aimed higher, he would perhaps have failed in reaching his mark; but, in an undefined and indefinable direction, he would have gone farther than, as a matter of fact, he did go.

Many things might be said; Goethe and Homer might be quoted; things might be said which I have tried to say in the past; things which others have tried to say before me: Galsworthy, for instance, in the preface to the omnibus edition, *Caravan*, of his short stories. I will refrain.

But let me repeat that the writer who wishes to do what Mr. Callaghan outlines so eloquently, whether he live in China or Canada, in France or Brazil, has no business to expect a living from his books. Grillparzer was a clerk in a government office; Goethe, a minister of state in a fifth-rate principality; Flaubert and Galsworthy had private means. Yet they wrote *Sappho*, *Faust*, *Madame Bovary*, and *The Man of Property*. Would they, could they have written them if they had looked to their books for their living?

Many who have done things have starved; no doubt many who are doing things are starving. Does it matter? What matters is that the things they do be done.

What should worry the writer is not whether his work will bring him success. What should worry him is whether his work is what it is humanly possible to make it. Meanwhile let him shovel coal if he has to.

That is the trouble with us: living in a great material civilization not of our making, not fought for, not evolved

out of the sweat and blood of our limbs, not paid for with our suffering, our lives, our triumphs—living in such a civilization, I say, we crave material comfort rather than spiritual achievement. If there were more Canadian writers "shovelling coal," to remain in my metaphor, perhaps we should feel that, no matter what we have done in the past, there is glory to come in the future for what to-day we fatuously call Canadian literature; and the plight of Canadian fiction would not exist; for, whether a work of art be printed in Canada or in Timbuktu, it is, to-day, bound to conquer the world that has shrunk—though not, perhaps, within the lifetime of its maker.

You know how, towards the end of the third century A.D., the Caesar Galerius went against the Persians under Narses in Mesopotamia and was disgracefully defeated, so that he had to flee to the feet of Diocletian at Antioch. But his defeat steeled him; and the victory demoralized the Persians. Within the year, Galerius retrieved his lost honour; it was not victory that made him strong; it was defeat.

And so, having had my say in this haphazard fashion, let me conclude with a parable.

Let us assume that there is some being resembling Hardy's Spirit of the Years in the *Dynasts;* and let us figure that Spirit viewing the arrival of Xerxes' armament in Greece.

Against that armament Leonidas is sent, with the task of holding those hordes in the narrow pass of Thermopylae. To hold the Persians, no more, that is his ostensible task.

But in his omniscience I like to figure that Spirit as musing.

"Yes," he might be presumed to say to himself, "I

picked the right man. He will fall at Thermopylae—he with his three hundred. And if he knew my deeper purpose in sending him there, he would be the man to approve that purpose.

"For these three hundred must die, not because it is of any importance that the Persians be held for a day or two—though it is. They must die so as to set an example of the devotion to a cause which will ring through the millennia; so that, in a higher sense, they can never die."

Yes, and may I repeat? "In my time, monsieur," said Degas, "we did not *get on*."

PALESTINE: THE ARABS, THE JEWS, AND THE PEEL REPORT

W. S. McCULLOUGH

I. THE ARABS

ON October 30, 1918, the war with Turkey ended, and on November 7, the French and British governments issued a joint Declaration: "The object aimed at by France and Great Britain in prosecuting the war in the East . . . is the complete and definite emancipation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of National Governments and Administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations."[1] This seemed to offer the Arabs, including those in Palestine, the prospect of independence which some of their leaders had long sought.

The Arab nationalist movement had arisen in Syria and the Lebanon in pre-War days, encouraged by educational enterprises (notably American), through which the ferment of Western nationalism was brought to bear on the Near East. At first this movement exercised no great influence over the mass of the Syrians, but in intellectual and politically-minded circles, especially in the cities, it became an issue of some importance. Partly checked by the Young Turks and driven underground, it nevertheless continued to thrive, and spread from Syria into other parts of the Arab world, as for instance Iraq, where it had a firm hold after 1912. Nationalist agitation was aided not only by numerous secret societies but also by an Arabic press, whose growth was almost phenome-

[1] H. W. V. Temperley (ed.), *History of the Peace Conference of Paris*, vol. VI, 1924, 140-1.

nal. Between the years 1904 and 1914 the number of Arabic newspapers founded in three areas now under mandates, is significant: the Lebanon, 117; Syria, 73; Palestine, 26. Many of these papers were short-lived owing to Turkish suppression, but their very birth was a sign of the times.[2]

The "Revolt in the Desert," which T. E. Lawrence has made so familiar, and which has primary reference to the revolt (in June, 1916) of the Emir Hussein of the Hejaz against his Turkish rulers, was therefore not an isolated event. Arab princes in the Arabian peninsula, no less than Arabs in more civilized areas, had long harboured the desire for independence. The entrance of Turkey into the Great War suggested that the time was at hand when the cherished dream could become a reality. Thus it was that as early as January, 1915, Iraqi and Syrian leaders sent down to the Meccan Emir proposals for a military mutiny in Syria against the Turks. In the same year Sir Henry McMahon, High Commissioner in Egypt, exchanged letters with the Emir Hussein on the future of the Arabs. Great Britain agreed, in return for the Emir's assistance in the war against Turkey, to recognize and support the independence of the Arabs within certain territorial limits. Whether Palestine was understood to be within these limits, is a moot point. The British government (and now Sir Henry McMahon himself, in a letter to *The Times*, July 23, 1937) has maintained that western Palestine was to be outside the proposed boundaries; the Arabs take the contrary view.

On the whole the Arabs have done rather well out of the Great War. Arabia proper is free of foreign control, its dominant figure being King Ibn Sa'ud; Iraq is an

[2]For a brief study of Arab nationalism before 1914, see P. W. Ireland, *Iraq*, 1937, chap. xii; T. E. Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, 1935, chaps. iv, v, lxix.

independent kingdom; Trans-Jordan is virtually self-governing; Syria and the Lebanon, while still under French mandates, expect relative independence within a few years. Of all the Arabic-speaking territories that were controlled by Turkey prior to 1914, Palestine alone has come no nearer, under the British mandate, to the Arab goal of political freedom.

When the War broke out, the Arabs of Palestine numbered about 600,000; the Jews, about 55,000. The former had not been in the van of the Arab nationalist movement, but they were naturally influenced by it, and they shared in the hopes aroused by Hussein's revolt in 1916. Then, in November, 1917, the British government issued the Balfour Declaration: "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, . . . it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine. . . ." The Arabs of Palestine, who were not even consulted about this new British policy, can hardly be blamed for not showing much enthusiasm for it. Their view was, and still is, that if Palestine is to become a national home for anyone, it should be a home for the Palestinian Arabs, and accordingly they have refused to recognize the right of Great Britain, or any other power, to issue the Balfour Declaration.

For two years after 1918 Palestine was under a British military régime, but when, in April, 1920, the Allied Supreme Council gave the mandate for Palestine to Great Britain, a civil administration replaced the military, and the history of Palestine under the mandate began. Actually the text of the mandate was not submitted to, or approved by, the League of Nations until 1922. The preamble cites the

words of the Balfour Declaration; article 2 enjoins the mandatory (i) "to secure the establishment of the Jewish national home as laid down in the preamble," and (ii) to safeguard "the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine irrespective of race and religion." The consequence of (i) is that Great Britain has had to allow a certain amount of Jewish immigration, and of (ii), that such immigration has had to be controlled. In fact, the Palestinian Arabs have witnessed a gradual increase in the Jewish population, from 83,000 in 1922 to about 410,000 in 1937.[3] Should such an increase continue indefinitely, the Arabs will in the near future become a minority group in a state dominated by Jews. Furthermore, Palestine under the mandate has made no real progress towards self-government. The Arabs have refused all co-operation that could be construed as a recognition of the Balfour Declaration, while the Jews, still in the minority, have been unwilling to accept anything based upon the principle of representation by population. In view of all these circumstances, and of the Arab temperament, it is not surprising that from time to time the Arabs have been driven by the counsel of despair to record in acts of violence and terrorism their protests against Zionism and the mandate. Such disturbances, typical of suppressed nationalism the world over, occurred in 1920, 1921, 1929, 1933, 1936, and 1937.

It is often said that the Jews have an inalienable *right* to Palestine. Thus we have the following words from the statement of "British Policy in Palestine," in June, 1922: "In order that this community [the existing Jewish community] should have the best prospect of free development, . . . it is essential that it should know that

[3] *Bulletin of the Office of Statistics*, Jerusalem, Sept., 1937 (hereafter cited as *Sept. Bulletin*), puts the Jewish population at 386,084, but this figure is generally admitted to be too low.

it is in Palestine as of right and not on sufferance."[4] It is matter of common knowledge, of course, that the spiritual ancestors of the modern Jews had an ancient historical connection with Palestine, and that in nearly every century of the Christian era some Jewish communities have been found in the Holy Land. But the Arabs attach as much value to these circumstances as do the people of North America to the fact that their continent was once ruled by the Indians. The truth, so the Arabs say, is that the Zionists are in Palestine because Great Britain, with some Arab assistance, won the war against Turkey, because of the Balfour Declaration, and because the mandatory has forced the native Palestinians to accept Jewish immigration.

It is pointed out, in extenuation of post-War Zionism, that a National Home in Palestine is believed to offer a solution for the world problem of the Jews, it being assumed that the root of this problem is the lack of such a home. But the Palestinian Arabs ask, why they, of all earth's peoples, should be expected to make a sacrifice for a problem which prior to the War did not concern them at all. It is also claimed, on behalf of the Jewish National Home, that its establishment to date has worked for the betterment of the Palestinian Arabs. As Dr. Weizmann said before the Peel Commission, on November 25, 1936: "I must leave it to the Commission to test and try and find out whether, throughout the work of these sixteen years, we have done anything which has in any way injured the position of the non-Jewish population. . . . On the contrary, indirectly we have conferred great benefits on the population of this country. I should like to be perfectly frank: we have not come for that purpose. We have come for the purpose of building up a National

[4]Cmd. 1700.

Home for the Jewish people; but we are happy and proud that this upbuilding has been accomplished by considerable benefits to the country at large."[5] Dr. Weizmann's statements are incontestable, but their truth does not make the advent of Zionism any more acceptable to the Arabs. For what really matters, and in fact cancels out the economic gains, is that Zionism represents something alien to Arab Palestine; the National Home is essentially a Jewish version of the culture of Europe and America. The Zionist Jews are thus a disturbing element in Palestine's traditional life, and this, for the Arabs, far outweighs any benefits they bestow. The position accorded to women, the existence of certain collectivist enterprises, the indifference to orthodox Jewish religion—these are aspects of Palestinian Zionism that grate upon the Arab, and especially the Moslem, mind.

To-day the Arab population of Palestine, Moslem and Christian, numbers about a million;[6] with the exception of the 66,500 bedouin, they live the settled lives of farmers or townspeople, displaying considerable differences in culture and economic status. Some are well educated and well-to-do, but many of the peasant class are illiterate and unprogressive, and, especially in the hills, seem to be on a bare subsistence economy. That all the Arab farmers are not poverty-stricken is borne out by the fact that almost half of the land given over to citrus fruits is owned and operated by Arabs. These fruits are the staple of Palestine's export trade, with a value, in the year ending May 31, 1937, of over nineteen million dollars.[7] The entrance of the Arabs in a large

[5] *The Jewish People and Palestine*, issued by the Zionist Organisation in Jerusalem (hereafter cited as Weizmann), 19.

[6] *Sept. Bulletin* gives the following figures: Bedouin, 66,553; settled population, 809,394 Moslems and 109,769 Christians.

[7] *Sept. Bulletin*, 17.

way into this field of production is undoubtedly due to the example set by the Jews.

In my own judgment the greatest boon which Zionism has conferred on the Arabs is not susceptible of statistical treatment. At the beginning of the mandate, Arab nationalism in Palestine was still in its swaddling clothes. Under the impact of Zionism the child has, if not fully matured, at least grown considerably; the Arabs have become more conscious of themselves and of the cultural bond which unites them to the other Arabs in the Near East. Such Pan-Arabism, as it is called, will probably prove the key to the history of the Arab lands for at least the next fifty years. From my contacts in the summer of 1937 with young educated Arabs in Jerusalem, Nablus, and Nazareth (who included a taxi-owner, a horticultural instructor, a factory foreman, a bank clerk, an archaeologist, a dentist, and a lawyer), I should say that the Palestinian Arabs promise to make a considerable contribution to this Pan-Arabism of the future.

II. The Jews

It is not so widely recognized as perhaps it should be, that the creation of a Jewish National Home in Palestine in the post-War years is only partly due to the Balfour Declaration of 1917. It is true that the War and the Declaration ushered in a new stage in the development of Zionism, but the pre-War period is by no means insignificant in the history of the whole Zionist movement.

The fundamental antecedent of modern Zionism is the fact that while the Jews have had no political connection with Palestine for centuries, they have always remembered the attachment of their forefathers to the Holy Land. As Dr. Weizmann puts it: "We are a stiff-necked people

and a people of long memory. We never forget. Whether it is our misfortune or whether it is our good fortune, we have never forgotten Palestine, and this steadfastness which has preserved the Jew throughout the ages, is primarily due to some physiological or psychological attachment to Palestine. We have never forgotten it nor given it up."[8] Further, this peculiar devotion to Palestine, the force of which I do not think is fully appreciated by the Arabs, has been characterized by the hope that some day the dispersed members of the nation will be reunited on their ancient soil. From the synagogues the prayer has gone up: "Bring our scattered ones from among the nations, and gather our dispersed from the uttermost parts of the earth. Lead us in triumph unto Zion, Thy City, and unto Jerusalem, the place of Thy Sanctuary, with everlasting joy; and there will we prepare before Thee the offerings enjoined on us."[9] Throughout the ages, however, it was felt that such a return to Palestine would be brought about only by God and in God's own time. Not until the last century did a change in the traditional attitude begin to appear.

The primary cause of this change was the revival of anti-Semitism in various parts of Europe during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The Jews began to realize that, despite the political emancipation which they were slowly gaining, they were still looked upon by Gentiles as "different," and that it was going to be as difficult as ever for them to find a proper place in the modern Gentile state. It was out of this realization that Leo Pinsker's book, *Autoemanzipation*, came in 1882. Pinsker, a Russian Jew and medical man of Odessa, who had been through various anti-Jewish riots, claimed that political emancipation had proved insufficient; what the

[8]Weizmann, 12. [9]J. Bosniak (ed.), *Prayers of Israel*, 1925, 111.

Jews, being a nation, really needed was a homeland, which they themselves must get, though Pinsker did not insist upon its being Palestine. Thus through the efforts of Pinsker and others some interest was aroused in the idea of a Jewish home. At the same time, anti-Semitism had given rise to various schemes for Jewish colonization, and these, coupled with the idea of a National Home, and with Judaism's traditional connection with Palestine, tended to suggest the Holy Land as a practical integrating centre for the Jewish people. So it was that some of the first of the modern Jewish colonies in Palestine were established in the eighteen-seventies and eighties. These efforts were somewhat sporadic, however, and they did not manage effectively to appeal to Jewish piety and imagination.

It was Theodor Herzl, a Viennese lawyer and journalist (1860-1904), who was able to bring this nascent "Zionist" movement to a head. Living in Paris at the time of the Dreyfus affair, he was sufficiently impressed with French anti-Semitism to conclude that the only answer to all anti-Semitism was the creation of a Jewish home. He embodied his views in his book, *Der Judenstaat*, published in 1896. This book greatly roused the Jewish world, and the result was the first Zionist Congress, which met at Basel in August, 1897. In the meantime Herzl had been brought around to the view that such a Jewish state as he envisaged could be established only in Palestine. The Congress proceeded to formulate a programme for what was henceforth to be called "Zionism:" "The object of Zionism is to establish for the Jewish people a publicly and legally assured home in Palestine."[10]

After 1897 Zionism continued to grow. Although it still remained a much-criticized minority movement

[10]R. J. H. Gottheil, *Zionism*, 1914, 114.

within Judaism, it slowly perfected its organization, and eventually came to represent world Jewry as nothing else did. At first it tried under Herzl's guidance to acquire some political rights in Palestine before attempting any extensive colonization. Negotiations with the Sultan, Abdul Hamid II (1876-1909), were carried on by Herzl himself, from 1898 to 1903, but unsuccessfully. Thereafter the disturbed political situation within Turkey made further conferences impossible, especially when the Young Turk group was intent upon a more thorough "turkification" of the subject peoples. Moreover, Arab nationalists were somewhat alarmed at the Zionist programme and their opposition helped to embarrass the Jewish leaders. Zionism had therefore to be content with a temporizing policy: such Jewish enterprises as were already in existence were encouraged, and a few new colonies and schools were established. The net result was that, whereas there had been in 1881 about 25,000 Jews in Palestine, by 1914 the number had risen to about 55,000.

In these pre-War days, the Zionists seem to have considered that they had some moral right or title to Palestine, and that circumstances beyond their control had unjustly deprived them of their ancestral home. They do not appear to have given much consideration to the rights of the existing inhabitants of the Holy Land, nor to the probable effect of the proposed Jewish home on the civil and political life of the natives. They insisted, however, that the Zionists would prove loyal subjects of Turkey. On the whole, it was sufficient for Zionism's immediate purposes to point out that Palestine was a backward and neglected part of the Turkish Empire which might become a place of refuge for persecuted Jews, and that, given an adequate amount of

Jewish immigration, capital, and enterprise, it could again be made a land of milk and honey for Israel. But in 1912, Professor Gottheil could write: "To speculate upon the future of Zionism would be absurd. . . . The situation of Turkey is more distraught than ever; the political status of Palestine may suffer a change at any moment."[11]

With Turkey's entrance into the War it became evident to the Jews (as to the Arabs) that by the end of the fighting the political control of Palestine might pass out of Turkish hands. Zionist propaganda, both within and without Jewry, was therefore increased. At the West Austrian, Galician, and Bukowina Zionist Conferences, on December 5, 1915, it was resolved: "The Actions Committee is asked to prepare everything in a suitable manner, in order that the interests of political Zionism may be secured before the Forum of the future Peace Congress."[12] In England the Zionists were particularly active, and here it was their good fortune to have the leadership of Dr. Chaim Weizmann. A distinguished chemist, he was engaged in research work on behalf of the War Office, and his discovery of an invaluable process for the manufacture of acetone, rendered him *persona grata* to the British and Allied governments. On February 7, 1917, official negotiations commenced between the English Zionists and the British government, the discussion centring on the possible fulfilment of the Zionist programme. Contacts with the French were made in March, and with the Italians in May. As Mr. Lloyd George later testified: "The Zionist leaders gave us a definite promise that, if the Allies committed themselves to giving facilities for the establishment of a

[11]Gottheil, *op. cit.*, 215; the book was written in 1912, though not published till 1914.

[12]N. Sokolow, *History of Zionism*, 1919, vol. II, 22-3.

national home for the Jews in Palestine, they would do their best to rally Jewish sentiment and support throughout the world to the Allied cause."[13] Out of these meetings, and after very careful consideration of its precise wording, there issued, on November 2, 1917, the Balfour Declaration. While coming from the British, the Declaration had been approved by President Wilson before its publication, and was later endorsed by the French and Italian governments.

At the Peace Conference the official voice of Zionism was heard. Then, as we have already seen, in 1920 Great Britain was given the mandate for Palestine, with the obligation of attending to the establishment of the Jewish National Home. The Zionist dream seemed to be at last on the way to realization. In 1922, however, the Jews found their field of activity in Palestine seriously reduced when that part of the mandated territory lying east of the River Jordan was separated by Great Britain from what lies to the west, and put under a different administration. The supervision of Trans-Jordan was entrusted to the Emir Abdullah, a son of Hussein of the Hejaz; and it was exempted from those provisions of the Palestine mandate concerned with the establishment of the Jewish Home. This somewhat radical change was an endeavour to give a more complete fulfilment to the promises made to the Arabs during the War. It took out of the range of Jewish settlement an area two and one half times as large as the rest of Palestine. The "Revisionist" Jews have never accepted the limitation thus placed upon the Home.

During the eighteen years which have now elapsed since a British civil administration took over Palestine, the Jewish National Home has made very considerable

[13] *Palestine Royal Commission Report*, July, 1937 (hereafter cited as *Report*), 23.

strides. The Jewish population of Palestine has risen, mostly by immigration, to over 400,000 in 1937. The general character of recent Jewish immigration is suggested by the figures for the first eight months of 1937: total Jewish immigration, 7,865; of these, Germany supplied 2,878, Poland 2,366, Yemen and Aden 326, Rumania 242, Czechoslovakia 161, the United States 127, France 62, Great Britain 61.[14] In addition to the increase in population, millions of dollars (roughly four hundred million) from world-wide Jewry have been poured into the country, making possible the purchase of much land (Jewish-owned land now stands at about 350,000 acres), and furnishing the necessary capital for the establishment of many agricultural communities and industrial enterprises. The "Jewish Agency," contemplated by article 4 of the mandate, as a body to superintend Jewish affairs in Palestine, has developed in such a way that it is in fact, in the words of the Peel Report, "a Government existing side by side with the Mandatory Government."[15]

Any unbiased observer of Zionism in Palestine to-day is bound to admit that it represents some of the best constructive work of modern man. The draining of marshes, the harnessing of the Jordan for hydro-electric power, the extraction of chemicals from the hitherto neglected waters of the Dead Sea, the establishment of urban, industrial, and agricultural areas upon waste lands, the setting up of a social and economic structure that encourages co-operative and collectivist enterprises, the founding of a new university—in these and in many other ways the vision, faith, courage, and industry of the Zionists are exemplified. A new unit of human society is actually in the making. It is as though the pent-up

[14] *Sept. Bulletin*, 5. [15] *Report*, 174.

hopes, dreams, and energies of countless generations of a homeless people were at last finding some adequate social expression. It must be a matter of deep regret that these creative endeavours of Judaism are sometimes carried out in the most unpropitious circumstances. When I was in the waiting-room of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem I noticed that the windows were furnished with steel shutters, and I was told that they were intended to resist Arab bullets, and when I visited the agricultural training school for girls at Ayanoth, south of Jaffa, I observed a gun parapet on the roof and a sand-bagged trench in a field nearby, both to deal with Arab aggression. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which they labour, the Jews still look upon the Palestinian enterprise most hopefully. It seems to promise an end to their homelessness as a nation, and to offer, particularly to those in Central and Eastern Europe, the only possible and certain relief from the constant menace of anti-Semitism. Indeed in those parts of Europe where the lot of the Jews is unbelievably wretched, a Zionist immigration certificate for Palestine is said to be life's *summum bonum*. But even if two or three million Jews are finally absorbed in Palestine, it remains to be seen whether the problem of living will be materially lessened for the Jews still outside of the National Home.

Two other aspects of Palestinian Zionism deserve to be noticed. The first is its unequivocal nationalism. As Dr. Weizmann said long ago at the Peace Conference, Zionism's purpose is "to build up something in Palestine which will be as Jewish as England is English."[16] To achieve this end the Jewish Agency has brought in Jewish immigrants so that a Jewish population, Jewish ideals, and Jewish customs may eventually dominate

[16]Weizmann, 19.

Palestine, and so that Jews may have one place on earth that they can call their own and where they may do as they please. Hebrew is the accepted language of the Zionists, and the language of their schools, including the University. The latter institution, theoretically open to all races and creeds, can be attended profitably only by those who know Hebrew. The Jewishness of the National Home is also emphasized by the keeping of the Sabbath and the observance of the dietary laws, both of which practices are championed by the orthodox religious Zionists. Again, Palestine to the Jews is more appropriately known as "the land of Israel," and it is significant that the Hebrew abbreviation for the latter phrase appears even on Palestine's postage stamps. Such Jewish nationalism is, of course, open to no more criticism than any other brand of nationalism. But its existence in Zionism has helped to make the Arab acceptance of the National Home almost impossible.

The second feature of Zionism that calls for notice is that up to the present the Jews have not succeeded in winning over the Arabs to either the theory or the practice of the National Home. In explanation of this failure it is often said: (i) that this is due to the Arab leaders, who are not truly representative of the mass of the Arabs, it being assumed that the latter are potentially friendly to the Jews and their Home; (ii) that the Arab nationalist movement is actually controlled by the *effendis*, who are primarily interested in maintaining their dominant position in Arab Palestine, and accordingly are opposed to the democratic and socialistic tendencies of Zionism; (iii) that Arab extremists are encouraged by British imperialism, as it will not serve British interests to have a strong state, either Arab or Jewish, in the Holy Land. There may possibly be a

modicum of truth in all these assertions. Nevertheless, the fact remains—and it should give serious concern to all Zionists—that after eighteen years Zionism has not been able to commend itself to the literate and vocal section of Arab Palestine. My own fear is that the Jews have not yet learned to treat Arab nationalism as seriously as they treat Jewish nationalism. Moreover, some of the Zionists who assert that the true welfare of the Arab masses "lies in close collaboration with the Jewish labour movement in Palestine,"[17] seem to be obsessed with the ideology of the class struggle and with the materialist interpretation of history. Such an obsession is not likely to lead to a proper understanding of the realities in Palestine.

III. The Peel Report

On August 7, 1936, a Royal Commission was appointed by the British government to inquire into the situation in Palestine, and to review the whole question of Great Britain's obligations there.[18] The immediate cause was the outbreak, on April 15, of disturbances in the mandated territory. Acts of violence had, as on previous occasions, been initiated by Arabs, and had subsequently developed into the most serious troubles with which the administration had yet had to cope. As matters turned out, the disturbances did not end until October 12, when the Arab "general strike" terminated. The Royal Commission, with Earl Peel as chairman, was absent in the Near East for about three months, and its now famous Report was made public on July 8, 1937.[19] The gist of its conclusions was that after seventeen years of

[17]See "The Realities in Palestine" (*Asia*, Jan., 1938, 42).

[18]The decision to have such a Commission was announced in the Commons on May 18.

[19]Blue Book, Cmd. 5479.

trial, the mandate had proved unworkable, and that to continue it under the present arrangements would only ensure a perpetuation of friction and disorder. The Commission believed that the root of the trouble was that Palestine had come to harbour within its restricted borders two incompatible nationalisms, the one Arab and the other Jewish. It therefore proposed a scheme of partition: a Jewish area to become an independent state; an Arab part to be joined with the present Arab state of Trans-Jordan; and a rather small third section (including such holy places as Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth) to be put under a permanent British mandate.

"Partition" has the merit of attempting to meet the nationalistic demands of the Arabs and the Jews. The obstacles to such a plan are the facts that Palestine is a very small country, that it is extremely difficult to make an equitable distribution of its territory and resources, and that it is even more difficult to find a good natural boundary between such divisions. The whole problem is further complicated by the present location of Jewish-owned land. The proposal that Britain retain a permanent mandate in Palestine gives some support to the view that the British administration since 1920 has not been entirely disinterested. The new mandate is given a halo of idealism by the Report: the holy cities are "a sacred trust of civilization," *etc.* While there can be no doubt that Great Britain will scrupulously guard such holiness as Palestine possesses, it is clear that the new arrangement ensures, despite partition, that the interests of British imperialism in these regions will continue to be safeguarded. For instance, Haifa, Palestine's only modern port and the terminus for the pipe line from the Mosul oil fields, and "an enclave on the north-west coast of the Gulf of Aqaba" on the Red Sea, are both con-

templated as being retained, at least for a period, under mandatory control.

The Commission's findings and recommendations met with a somewhat varied reception. The British government, when the Report was released, issued a Statement of Policy on Palestine,[20] which indicated acceptance of the general conclusions of the Commission and the determination to give effect to a scheme of partition. But when the Report was debated in the Commons (July 21), the government's policy did not receive the support expected, and Mr. Churchill's motion, that the whole matter be referred to the League of Nations before Parliament took any definite action, was eventually adopted. Subsequently the Report was brought before the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League, the League Council, and finally the League Assembly, receiving, on the whole, kindly treatment. The Council, for example, agreed on September 16, 1937, that the British government should carry out the further study of the Palestine problem, while concentrating on a solution involving the partition of territory.

The Arab and Jewish leaders were almost unanimous in condemning the recommendations of the Peel Commission, though for totally different reasons. On July 25, a formal presentation of the views of the Arab Higher Committee (of Palestine) was published, addressed to the High Commissioner, the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, and the Permanent Mandates Commission. On September 8, a Pan-Arab Congress was convened at Bludan, Syria, with over four hundred delegates (Moslem and Christian) from all parts of the Arabic-speaking world (though naturally the delegations from Palestine, Syria, and Iraq were the most active). This Congress,

[20]White Paper, Cmd. 5513.

whose purpose was to discuss the future of Palestine, protested against the proposed partition, and demanded the annulment of the Balfour Declaration, the abrogation of the present mandate, and the recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Palestine.[21] Meanwhile, and especially after the meeting of the Zionist Congress in August, Arab terrorism had once more broken out, being directed, as in 1936, against both the Jews and the government. Because of its alleged complicity in these renewed tactics, the Arab Higher Committee was, on October 1, 1937, declared an illegal association, and several of its members were arrested and exiled. At the same time, the Mufti of Jerusalem (Haj Mohammed Amin el Husseini), a notorious opponent of Zionism, was deposed from his office as President of the Supreme Moslem Council for Palestine. Notwithstanding these and other stern measures, Arab terrorist activities have continued to vex the authorities. If these have been encouraged by Italian influences, as some believe, the fact would seem to be that their primary motivation is Palestinian and Syrian.

The Jewish attitude to the Report, as expressed, on July 8, by the Jewish Agency for Palestine, was that Great Britain had never really tried to execute the mandate properly, and that it could therefore not be claimed that the mandate was inherently unworkable. The biennial Zionist Congress, which met at Zurich, August 3 to 16, 1937, was united in its general disapproval of the conclusions and recommendations of the Peel Commission, but none the less displayed considerable differences of opinion as to what should be done in Palestine. After prolonged debating it was agreed on August 11, by a vote of 304 to 158, that the Zionist

[21]For an account of this Congress, see R. G. Woolbert in *Foreign Affairs*, Jan., 1938, 309 *ff*.

Executive should be empowered to negotiate with the British government regarding the terms upon which a Jewish state might be established. Dr. Weizmann, the chairman of the Executive and the leading advocate of the above motion, issued a statement on August 13, in which he said that the decision to negotiate with the British government did not mean assent to the principle of the plan of partition (!), and that the final and decisive word rested with the next Zionist Congress. The Council of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, half of whose members are elected by the Zionist Congress, later adopted the same resolution as the Congress.

The latest development in respect to the future of Palestine is that on January 4, 1938, the British government published the terms of reference for a new technical Commission for the Holy Land;[22] later the personnel was announced, the chairman being Sir John Woodhead. It was to act as a fact-finding body, to study the details and practicability of the plan of partition outlined in the Peel Report. After preliminary work in England, the Commission reached Palestine late in April, and began its task under very inauspicious circumstances: the moderate Arabs signified their intention of not co-operating with it, while the Arab extremists still carried on their terrorist activities. As the Commission's labours will occupy several months, and as its work is only a preliminary step to eventual partition, it seems that the present status of Palestine will not be essentially changed for at least a few years.

[22]White Paper, Cmd. 5634. For text, see *The Times*, Jan. 5, 1938.

THE VISUAL ARTS: FREEDOM OR REGIMENTATION?[1]

GRAHAM MCINNES

WHETHER art institutions and societies of artists are productive of more good than harm, whether their presence and their activities contribute to the progress of the fine arts, has long been a fruitful source of controversy. Organizations of many sorts exist in the art world, but it is against the body with an "official" outlook that criticism is as a rule directed. We may take it that art museums, and art associations formed by laymen to encourage a wider appreciation of the arts, can merit nothing but praise. Nor should artists, banded together to uphold a certain standard of craftsmanship, or to explore the possibilities of a certain medium, be suspect. It is only when a body of artists attempts, frequently with official patronage, to establish a cabal which, by means of certain inelastic rules and precepts, would rigidly demarcate what is to be considered "in the line," that we should look askance.

Within any organized community, there have always been societies or guilds whose object was to keep up a standard of craftsmanship, to protect artists from victimization, or to encourage the use of certain media. But until the Age of Reason there existed (if we except certain hieratic arts, such as the post-Julian Byzantine or the Middle Kingdom in Egypt) no organized body of artists, created with official approval, for the propagation of certain aesthetic standards, and the creation of an official outlook in regard to the arts. Academies have their champions and their enemies. On the one hand, it is urged that

[1]An account of early art societies and institutions in Canada up to the foundation of the Royal Canadian Academy.

the conservative element should have an adequate form of expression, that academies preserve a norm and act as a healthy countering influence to wild and insubstantial ideas. On the other hand, it is stated that academies surround art with an aura of officialdom, and by establishing rules and conventions enable many mediocre men who obey these to the letter, to find a place which would otherwise be denied to them. Working in the odour of sanctity, it is suggested, feeble practitioners are able to fob off on the public much poor work, thereby sterilizing its appreciation of genuine creative art.

The danger with any official art body is that in attempting to institutionalize, it may end by destroying the creative impulse. Furthermore, the original academies on whose pattern those of to-day are based—the French Academy of Sculpture and Painting, and the Royal Academy, founded respectively in 1648 and 1768—came into existence at a time when European art was moving toward its lowest ebb. The last sands of the Renaissance were running out, and a decline had set in, which these men attempted to stem by the discovery of rules of excellence, promulgated in a highly artificial age, on the highly artificial bases offered by a decadent neo-Italianate art.

Thus, these bodies were established in the belief that the unalterable rules for the production of fine art had been discovered once and for all—which was surely "the very error of the moon." And each new academy which has been founded—not excepting our own—has been formed on Reynolds' model, thereby perpetrating, since we live in another age, and in another land, a triple falsity. One is hardly surprised that even an R.A.—J. E. Hodgson—should have exclaimed in protest, after viewing a showing of Canadian painting in London in 1886, that there was

too much Old World influence, and that he would "like to see Canadian art Canadian to the backbone."[2]

But the academy is only one type of society among many. To other types we owe it that the foundations were laid whereby our art might be made "Canadian to the backbone;" and they performed their task well. For though we may recognize that for an art to be "Canadian to the backbone" is no absolute guarantee that it will be fine art, it remains true that until creative spirits become vividly conscious of their own peculiar environment, their art is apt to be an amorphous pastiche. Those who worked to make these early societies were true pioneers, and an account of their effort furnishes an interesting commentary on the difficulties confronting those anxious to foster creative art in a raw pioneer community. Between the beginning of settlement and the foundation of the Royal Canadian Academy, in 1880, several attempts were made to form societies both of artists and laymen. Some were successful, others were not; but there was in them little hint of officialdom, or of aping foreign customs and institutions. They were simple efforts to bring together people with a community of interest, to advance the cause of creative art, and to acquaint the public of a young and growing country with things which might help to beautify their lives and ameliorate hardship.

Curiously enough, however, the first society with which we have to deal was not of this kind at all: the school established at Cap Tourmente in 1672 by Mgr Laval, and consolidated during the succeeding years, up to his death in 1708. It is to Laval's gesture that we owe the transplanting into French Canada of the late French Renaissance style in church decoration and wood-carving, though its later development into a sturdy and highly

[2] *Report on the Canadian Pictures at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition*, 1886.

individual indigenous growth[3] was entirely a matter of environment and race. Laval started his seminary with the idea of making available for New France a band of highly qualified craftsmen who could form a nucleus for expansion.

To this end he engaged thirty men, and from then until about 1850, when English and American influences caused the decay of the local tradition, graduates of the school kept up their fine work. Much of this can still be seen to-day, though fire, the Conquest, and official neglect have taken a heavy toll. Owing to Mgr Laval's wise prevision, a fine standard of workmanship was established from the beginning, and when, after the Conquest, the local growth achieved high originality and independence, it had a sure foundation of technical excellence. Two somewhat divergent schools arose, on the Ile Jésus near Montreal, and in Quebec City; and two dynasties of carvers exercised a great influence on ecclesiastical decoration, the Quévillons and the Baillargés. That those schools eventually succumbed in the middle of last century was due to foreign influence and the machine; and even then the tradition survived in isolated instances for a very long time—in the case of Louis Jobin, of Ste Anne de Beaupré, up to 1928.[4] That not all prelates were so liberal as Mgr Laval is shown in the case of Mgr Plessis, who came to the conclusion, in 1814, that "les églises de la campagne renfermaient beaucoup de peintures détestables, dont quelques unes étaient de véritables caricatures, plus propres à exciter la gaieté qu'à entretenir

[3]See, for a discussion of this, C. M. Barbeau, "Two Centuries of Wood-carving in Canada" (*Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada*, 1933). For examples, see P. G. Roy (ed.), *Les vieilles Eglises de la Province de Québec*, Quebec, 1925; and more especially the excellent surveys of Professor Ramsay Traquair, in McGill University Publications, Series XIII (Art and Architecture), nos 1-37.

[4]For an interesting account, see C. M. Barbeau, "Le dernier de nos grands artisans, Louis Jobin" (*Mémoires de la Société Royale du Canada*, 1933).

la piété des fidèles," ordered altar pieces thrown away, statuary destroyed, and compelled the curé of Ste Anne de Beaupré to cover figures of the four evangelists and their animals "avec des rideaux de serge ou de flanelle verte ou bleue, et de les tenir couverts."[5] Mgr Laval's school, however, was an association in the highest sense of the word, for a most laudable object, and it resulted in a fine and vigorous tradition.

In Upper Canada, conditions were somewhat different. In place of a relatively large homogeneous population with a common paternalistic religion, we have scattered groups in sparsely settled country, and people of divergent beliefs and origins. In addition, art in Europe, between 1672 and 1812, had undergone a gradual change for the worse. With the end of the English landscape school, art in the old world sank to its very nadir, from which it was not to rise until the period 1870-1900. Hence any fine inspiring tradition, such as that ready to the French Canadians of the seventeenth century, was lacking. We therefore find the first efforts in Upper Canada being directed toward the formation of amateur societies of those interested in art. The difference is significant. It symbolizes the lack of craft traditions (save in farm implements), the dependence of painters on literal utilitarian "painting," and the absence of any professional outlook.

The first society formed in Upper Canada was the Society of Artists and Amateurs of Toronto, founded in 1834, by a group of enthusiasts, under the patronage of Sir John Colborne and Archdeacon Strachan.[6] Its president was Captain Bonnycastle and its secretary

[5]For a further account, see *Bulletin des Recherches historiques*, vol. XXV, 153 *ff*.

[6]*Catalogue of the First Exhibition of the Society of Artists and Amateurs of Toronto*, Toronto, 1834.

Charles Daly. Its amateur status is defined no less by a proviso in the catalogue of the first exhibition stating that "members of the profession are distinguished by an asterisk," than by a letter from Daly to Mrs. John G. Howard, dated June 7, 1834, in which he declares that "amateurs . . . shall not be compelled to annex their names to their productions." Mrs. Howard was further invited—"as we understand that you paint"—to "assist them in their object [the creating a taste for the fine arts] by exhibiting a few of your paintings and drawings." One is not surprised to find the disguises, "amateur" and "a lady" occurring frequently in the list of exhibitors.

The only artist of note who sent work was Paul Kane (1810-71), then a young man, who a decade later was to make his famous journey to the West Coast, as a result of which he painted those panels of frontier life, now in the Royal Ontario Museum.[7] Kane exhibited nine works, including a view of Niagara and the residence of J. Gamble at Mimicoke Creek. The other works—all of them for sale—contain many typical titles of this curiously artificial period. Included among many copies of the old masters (from prints) are such concoctions as "Spanish Toper; after Velasquez," "Dutch Toper," "An Abbey in Ruins," "Lioness and Whelps," "The Tired Soldier," "An Idea in Perspective." Of the 196 exhibits, only 28 are Canadian in subject-matter. Though there were six lithographs on Canadian stone, and laudable ventures in town planning, such as designs for a guildhall, a theatre, and a new government house, these are definitely exceptions.

It is easy to belittle this society for its pedantry, artificiality, and parochialism, but having regard to the state of art and of its own community when it was

[7]See Paul Kane, *Wanderings of an Artist*, Toronto, 1925.

founded, it deserves nothing but credit. It was a beginning, however small and misdirected, in a pioneering age. Its later history is interesting and pathetic. One of the leading spirits in the cause of the arts was John G. Howard, drawing master at Upper Canada College, and subsequently proprietor of Colborne Lodge, now owned by the City of Toronto. He gave his wholehearted support to the struggling society, but the seed, having been planted in barren soil, did not flourish; and people's minds were distracted from art by the Rebellion of 1837 and the uncertainty which followed it. In the midst of this, Howard started his own society, the Upper Canada Art Society, in 1841. But owing to lack of patronage, he had to give up this venture, while the original society practically ceased to exist between 1834 and 1847, during which time it held only two exhibitions.

In 1847, Howard re-formed it, and his accompanying letter to the catalogue of that year[8] is revealing both as to the aims and methods of the society and the paucity of material and lack of support in Upper Canada at this time. "It is wished to be observed," he writes, "that . . . the objects of the founders have been to give greater means and facilities for the study of the Fine Arts, being convinced how highly their cultivation will contribute to the reputation, character and dignity of the Province." He proposed to obtain (from Europe) "a collection of the finest casts of the finest remaining sculpture of antiquity, together with the choicest specimens of classical composition in foliage, with a series of other gems of antiquarian research." There is no suggestion that members of the society might want to go out and paint the country, or the life which was going on around them. But in intention, if not in practice, Howard was praiseworthy;

[8] *Catalogue of the Toronto Society of Arts*, 1847 (photostated copy in Art Gallery of Toronto).

for the object of these casts, and what not, was "to promote the cultivation of pure taste in the various applications of design." Here, faint but clear, coming to us across a century of time, is the cry for the place of art in industry and commerce, of which we hear so much to-day, and which can never be too strongly insisted upon. "In order to the carrying out . . . of this great object," continues Mr. Howard, "the support of a generous public is indispensable;" but he is "satisfied from the general character and high discrimination of our worthy citizens that they will justly appreciate the motives that dictated the formulation of this society." This is flattery with a vengeance; "high discrimination" is a rare trait among citizens in any age, but in the Upper Canada of 1847 it simply did not exist. And as a natural result, the society, despite Howard's optimistic hopes, wilted and died. A foretaste of this is given in the pathetic little rider added to the above, in which Howard remarks, "The society was so badly patronized that my being treasurer, I had to pay £35 out of my own pocket."

But this early failure, the owlish solemnity of the treasurer, and the quaintly archaic methods by which art was to be propagated, should not blind us to the importance of the effort. Later societies, while achieving more spectacular results, had not its spirit of altruism and independence. And as we reach the eighties, the way becomes more thickly sown with semi-official bodies, while an interest in aesthetic ideas and technical media does not fructify till the first three decades of the present century. Meanwhile, in the Maritimes, the arts burgeoned and as suddenly decayed. The great names in Maritime art, notably Valentine and Eager, belong to the middle of last century, and it was at this time that art

associations came into brief existence, with showings at Dalhousie College in 1830 and again in 1848.[9]

With the expansion of settlement and the growth of material security in the period 1860-80, people were able to turn their attention to the liberal arts. In 1860, the Montreal Art Association was founded—a lay organization, which, despite its age, its prestige, and its five-hundred-thousand-dollar museum, has failed to give, in a great city, the lead to creative art which similar associations, founded in other parts of the Dominion in recent years, have succeeded in giving.[10] It was born in an age when art was conceived of as something apart from life, as in the past, and certainly as not existing in Canada; when the artist was regarded as either an outcast or a "man of leisure." It may with truth be said that bodies of this nature have contributed nothing to the growth of art and its appreciation here. Creative work in Montreal has been done by private groups working independently; significant exhibitions have become the task of private galleries; and worthy collections have been amassed by private individuals. The Association remained until recently, like the age in which it was conceived, obscurantist and retrograde so far as fine art was concerned.

Artists' societies have not suffered in like degree from these defects, though the growth of sectional interests led to much internecine bickering, and the foundation of an official art body led to most of the drawbacks cited above, as well as the advantages. Though yielding in point of time to the Society of Canadian Artists, whose life began in 1867, the most important of these societies has been the Ontario Society of Artists, founded in 1872.

[9]See Harry Piers in *Proceedings of the Nova Scotia Historical Society*, 1914, vol. XVIII, 101 *ff*.

[10]Notably in Winnipeg, Hamilton, Vancouver, and the Maritimes.

This group, while it is still active, has in recent years been eclipsed in service to creative art by such organizations as the Group of Seven, the Beaver Hall Group, and the Canadian Group, and in service to media by the Canadian Society of Graphic Art, and more particularly, the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour. But its influence and prestige are still great, and apart from the short-lived Canadian Art Club, no one body was a greater influence for good in the years 1880 to 1920. Eclectic and non-sectional, it provided a broad basis upon which all artists in the most populous province might meet and work.

The Ontario Society of Artists owed its beginnings to the energy of a fine artist, the late J. A. Fraser (1838-98), whose peppery and temperamental disposition, whatever troubles it led him into with his friends, was productive of nothing but good when there was work to be done. The late Robert Gagen (1845-1926) tells us[11] that Fraser, working alone and through the medium of the firm of Notman and Fraser, aroused enthusiasm and created unity among the artists. Finally it was at his home on Gould Street on the night of June 25, 1872, that the O.S.A. was born.[12] Its first exhibition was held on April 14, 1873, and Gagen gives a shrewd criticism of the work shown. He also adds that it was originally the intention of the founders that the society should be a Dominion-wide organization, but that internal dissensions reduced it to the status of a provincial body, thereby leaving the way open for the Academy. Of the third exhibition—they have been held yearly ever since 1873—Gagen remarks, with engaging candour, that it was "no im-

[11]R. F. Gagen, "Ontario Art Chronicle," typed MS., written about 1918[?]; bound by the Art Gallery of Toronto in 1933.

[12]Present also on this occasion were the painters: Bridgeman, Gagen, Hoch, Martin, Matthews, and Millard.

provement on the previous ones," and comments satirically on the number of pictures which appeared "with poetry attached."[13]

Finally, in 1880, things were so far advanced, that it seemed high time for an official body to be created. Thus, at the age of thirteen years, and with no vestige of native art, the Dominion of Canada became possessed of a Royal Academy, on the Reynolds model, ready to mete out praise and blame, and to decide between good and bad. A set of rules was fixed for an art as yet unborn, and the ranks of the Academy were filled out, at one fell swoop, with men, a large percentage of whom could by no stretch of the imagination be called artists. The dangers of institutionalism are made amply manifest if we examine the Marquis of Lorne's original suggestions, and then see what has become of them. Not only did the Governor-General desire the enrolment of artists in an association, for their mutual benefit, and for the advancement of the arts in Canada; but he also expressed interest in the arts in action, and particularly asked that competitions be arranged and prizes given for "designs for manufactures . . . and designs for all sorts . . . of useful things, from wearing apparel and embroidery to . . . new stones and implements."[14] But alas, secure in its official blessing, a self-perpetuating corporation with no faculty for self-criticism, and stirred by internal dissension and the activities of placemen, the Academy ceased to be a creative body. To-day its sole functions seem to be: first, the holding of annual exhibitions in which independent and progressive work, not "in the line," is either skied or relegated to a print room; and secondly, the re-shuffling of its hierarchy, in accordance

[13]Gagen, *op. cit.*

[14]Hugh Jones and Edmond Dyonnet, "History of the Royal Canadian Academy of the Arts," typed MS., written in 1934.

with the three- and four-letter apanages which are in its prerogative to bestow. Unlike its twin, the National Gallery of Canada, founded in the same year, it has not laboured to advance the cause of the creative arts. The obstructionist tactics pursued at the time of the Wembley Exhibition, and again in 1932,[15] will be remembered by those who may not be aware that as early as 1914, a prominent lover of art in Nova Scotia was forced to write, with justifiable bitterness, "We are frankly told by the Royal Canadian Academy that it will not exhibit here, because its members would not be able to sell their productions."[16]

Though conceived with the best will in the world, official art bodies seem, by their very nature, doomed to become superfluous. Perhaps because they are founded on the hieratic system, and their objects are too loosely defined, their "currents turn awry and lose the name of action." Certain it is that the small pioneer societies performed valuable service in crystallizing what little interest there was in their period; but their torch has passed to the modern equivalent of the craft guild—the society of artists banded together to explore the possibilities of a medium—and the independent creative group. There should be, and there always will be, the conservative element in art, and a very valuable element it is. But it will be found that to enshrine this conservative element is to play fast and loose with an extremely delicate and complex creative activity, which has a self-levelling apparatus of its own, so incredibly sensitive, and so irrevocably sure, that to tamper with it is as impertinent as altering an old master—as useless as breaking a butterfly on a wheel.

[15]See Jones and Dyonnet, *op. cit.* It should be noticed, however, that some of the statements made in this work, whose publication was halted, require to be carefully checked.

[16]Piers, *op. cit.*

MILTON'S HELL AND THE PHLEGRAEAN FIELDS

MARJORIE NICOLSON

THE classical and medieval elements in Milton's description of Hell have been so fully established that it has not seemed necessary to ask whether the poet drew his inspiration from other than literary sources. Yet there is a realism in Milton's details which accounts in large part for their vividness, and which gives to the first book of *Paradise Lost* a verisimilitude not unnaturally lacking in the scenes in Paradise, and not equalled even by the scenes in the terrestrial Paradise of the Garden of Eden. Is it possible that in the first book Milton was drawing upon memory no less than upon imagination, and combining actual sense impressions with literary reminiscence? If so, what was the district which so fired his imagination that even in later blindness he remembered it in close detail?

Certainly Milton's Hell—if it ever existed upon earth—must be sought in a volcanic region. It is a place of fire, smoke, and arid waste. It is "o'erwhelmed With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire."[1] Geologically, the district is clearly sulphurous, "fed With everburning sulphur unconsumed." Milton is careful to draw attention to the peculiar colour and the formations characteristic of volcanic regions:

> in hue as when the force
> Of subterranean wind transports a hill
> Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
> Of thundering Aetna, whose combustible
> And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
> Sublimed with mineral fury, and the winds,

[1] My quotations from *Paradise Lost* (with one exception) are all from Book I.

> And leave a singèd bottom all involved
> With stench and smoke.

The topographical details are as clearly indicated as if Milton were drawing a map of the district. He describes first a "fiery gulf," a lake burning continually with "liquid fire." "The beach Of that inflamèd sea" marks the beginning of a

> dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation, void of light,
> Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
> Casts pale and dreadful.

There is at first sight only slight difference between lake and land,

> if it were land that ever burned
> With solid, as the lake with liquid fire.

The land is "firm brimstone," to be sure, but the heat of land is as intense as that of the boiling pool to the "sole of unblest feet," as Satan delicately walks with "uneasy steps Over the burning marle." Heat is everywhere:

> the torrid clime
> Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Surrounding both lake and plain is a wall of fire:

> on each hand the flames,
> Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
> In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.

Such is the immediate foreground. In the background—whether within or without the circling wall of fire, we can only surmise[2]—is a volcanic mountain:

> There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
> Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire

[2]It is clear, from the later description of the adventurers and explorers in Book II, that Hell continues indefinitely in regions of ice as well as of fire; the first scene is obviously much more limited in scope.

> Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign
> That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
> The work of sulphur.

The eternally burning flames cast no true light of fire; their light is livid and lurid, emphasizing rather than relieving the darkness:

> A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
> As one great furnace flames; yet from those flames
> No light, but rather darkness visible
> Served only to discover sights of woe.

When we turn from the description of the geography of Hell to that of the building of Pandemonium, "city and proud seat of Lucifer," erected, we may surmise, some little distance from the fiery lake and the "inflamèd beach," we are less aware of the dreary plain and the burning marle than of the magnificent structure rising by supernatural means. It is as if we had passed through the lurid darkness and the parching heat—which are never described again, and never mentioned except casually by the speakers in the Council—and had come to another district. This is still Hell; but Pandemonium, even when filled with hissing serpents, is somehow safely outside the eternal walls of flame.

Was there, then, any place known to Milton and his contemporaries, which combined all these physical details—the desolation and livid darkness of a barren plain, the boiling lake, the walls of fire, a volcanic mountain near by? If such a place proves to have a magnificent building not far away, impressing observers by its beauty, not its terror, so much the better. And if we find that district to have been associated for centuries not only with Hell, but with a battle between gods and giants, how much more likely that Milton's imagination, stimulated alike by sense impressions and by literature, should

have drawn upon that memory many years later in his blindness. The similarities between Milton's Hell and certain sections of the Phlegraean Fields, lying close to Naples, are so striking as to warrant the surmise that this district was in Milton's mind when he wrote the first book of *Paradise Lost;* and the accounts written by two of his contemporaries, one of whom visited the plains in the same year as Milton, afford remarkable parallels with Milton's description.

The Phlegraean Fields, as every traveller to southern Italy is aware, have been for centuries the scene of tremendous volcanic activity, resulting, because of geological peculiarities, in a series of low craters rather than in a single great volcanic mountain like Vesuvius. Historically, as well as geologically, the district has always had a peculiar appeal, for this was the scene of the earliest impact of Hellenic civilization upon Italy. To the poetic imagination, steeped in classical learning and in legend, the fascination of this strange region has been irresistible. Legend for centuries has associated it with the early battle between the gods and the giants. This was also the dwelling place of those "sunless Cimmerians" who lived in darkness, gathering about the Lacus Avernus, across which no bird might safely fly, whose great crater was the entrance to the infernal regions, through which others than Aeneas descended to the land of the dead. But it was not only the shades of legend which haunted the Phlegraean Fields. Here Vergil, according to one tradition, had continued to practise the black art; here, too, his spirit had often been seen, hovering about his sepulchral urn near the Grotta Vecchia, close by his villa on the Pausilypon.[3] Here, too, was Cicero's villa, not

[3] *Cf. A Relation of a Iourney begun An: Dom: 1610. Foure Bookes. Containing a description of the Turkish Empire, of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the Remote parts*

far from Avernus. At nearby Puteoli, St. Paul had spent seven days on his journey to Rome. Certainly this was a place to catch and hold the interest of a young English poet, his mind filled with classical legend and literature, knowing scripture intimately, and, a traveller from green England, seeing for the first time the desolation of a volcanic and sulphurous region.

Milton does not himself mention a visit to the Phlegraean Fields; yet it would seem incredible that he should not have made this easy journey. Apart from the remarkable natural scenery, and the legendary and literary associations, which continue to attract so many less sensitive travellers, the sea-coast and the Pausilypon were, in the seventeenth century, as in the time of Vergil and Cicero, a favourite location for the villas of Neapolitans. The fact that one such villa was the home of Giovanni Baptista Manso[4] affords the surmise that Milton may have visited the Phlegraean Fields with this great Italian who in turn acted as cicerone for Tasso, Marini, and Milton. "During my stay," Milton wrote in the *Second Defense of the English People*, "he gave me singular proofs of his regard; he himself conducted me round the city and to the palace of the viceroy; and more than once paid me a visit at my lodgings." True, Milton does not mention a visit to Manso's villa—as he does not

of Italy, and Ilands Adioyning, by George Sandys, London, 1637, pp. 263-4. The first edition of the *Relation* appeared in 1615; others in 1621, 1627, 1632, 1637, 1652, 1673. I have purposely used the fourth edition of 1637 because it was the latest edition when Milton visited Italy.

[4]Evidence of this location of Manso's villa is given by Joseph Walker, *Historical Memoirs on Italian Tragedy: From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. . . . By a Member of the Arcadian Academy of Rome*, London, 1799. See "An Attempt to ascertain the Site of the Villa near Naples, in which the Marquis Manso received Tasso and Milton," appendix V, pp. xxvi-xxxi. At the time of Tasso's visit, Manso possessed more than one villa, since he entertained his guest also at Bisaccio; by the time of Milton's visit, he possessed only the villa at Puteoli (Pozzuoli).

mention many other things in the *Second Defense;* yet whether from Manso's villa or not, and whether with Manso or not, it is unlikely that Milton would have failed to visit this remarkable district, stimulated not less by its own interest than by Manso's enthusiasm, which overflows in the description Manso wrote of this region as he showed it to Tasso: "On the right side of this are the shores and rocks glorious by the sepulture of Vergil and Sannazaro, by the grotto of Lucullus, the villa of Cicero, the still and bubbling waters of Cumae, and the fires of Pozzuoli, all protected by the mountains of Baiea, the promontory of Miletus, and the island of Ischia—dear no less for the fable of Typhoeus than for its own fertility."[5]

Even to-day the topographical similarities between the Forum Vulcani and Milton's description of Hell are striking: the Solfàtara—called in ancient times the Forum Vulcani—the crater of a half-extinct volcano, is an oblong space, destitute of vegetation; on the right still exists a pool of hot water; at various times other pools have formed, appeared, and disappeared. The ground about the lake, a "dreary plain," is as excessively hot to-day as when the fallen angels trod with "painful steps o'er the burnt soil." But the district is not static; constant changes from volcanic action have occurred, none so great as the sudden emergence in 1538 of the New Mountain, which appeared almost overnight. Lesser changes, however, occur continually, so that there is little hope of knowing from observation exactly how the district appeared in 1638 when Milton visited Naples. Fortunately we may see it exactly as it appeared at that date, through the eyes and the illustration of one of the most competent observers of the time, and may check his

[5] *Vita di Tasso*, 1634, pp. 190-3; translated in David Masson, *Life of Milton*, I, 1859, p. 762.

description by that of another famous traveller written earlier in the century.

In 1638 Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit priest of wide scientific interests, made a study of the district[6] after ascents of Aetna and Vesuvius, in his attempt to explain the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes—the first important modern attempt at such explanation, which remained standard for many years, and was seriously considered by the Royal Society of London.[7] Kircher describes his passage through the dark "Grotte . . . Arched, and made hollow, or vaulted . . . between the Jaws of the Mountains." From this entrance, "a Plain stretched forth far and wide, presents itself to view. A Plain altogether formidable and full of horror; in length they say 1200 foot, in breadth a 1000."[8] Kircher remembers that Pliny had called the district the "Phlegraean Plains, from their flames and burning," while Strabo had named it "Vulcan's open Market-place." It was, he recalls, "a place where also some fable the Giants to have been overcome by Hercules." His first impression was of the fire which constantly burns there:

[6] *Athanasii Kircheri E. Soc. Jesu Mundus Subterraneus, In XII Libros digestus*, Amstelodami, 1665, Liber Quartus, Caput iv, pp. 178-9. A free English translation, from which I quote, appeared in *The Vulcano's: Or, Burning and Fire-vomiting Mountains, Famous in the World: With their Remarkables. Collected for the most part out of Kircher's Subterraneous World; And expos'd to more general view in English, upon the Relation of the late Wonderful and Prodigious Eruptions of Aetna*, London, 1669, pp. 26-30. Kircher does not give the exact date of his visit to the Phlegraean Fields, except to say that it was in 1638. He mentions the fact, however, that it was on the same expedition that he ascended Vesuvius, which, he declares, was in May, 1638, shortly after the eruption of the volcano. I have not been able to find that Kircher published his notes, until they appeared in the *Mundus Subterraneus;* if not, his account and his pictorial illustration would not have been available to Milton, as would the account and illustration of Sandys, which I discuss below. I introduce Kircher's account not as a source, but as a parallel, showing the close similarity of details, and the effect which the Forum Vulcani had upon a mind much less sensitive than Milton's.

[7] *Philosophical Transactions*, IV, 1669, pp. 967-9.

[8] My quotations are from *Vulcano's*, ed. cit., pp. 26-8.

"It sends forth perpetual fires; and begets much Sulphur and combustible matter, and therefore called Sulfatara. . . . Little Hills are beheld there to burn and flame in the very bottom; for they always exhale forth great smokes everywhere, with a sulphureous stench through many holes." Like later travellers, Kircher was astonished to find that "the soil also, when it is touch'd by such as walk thereupon, sounds and rattles like a Drum, as it were, by reason of the concavities; and you may feel, as it were, not without astonishment, boyling waters under your feet, and thick and fired fumes, to hiss and flow hither and thither, with a great crackling noise, through Pipes and Subterraneous Caverns, made by the force of the hot Exhalations."

Even more than the "dry land," the boiling lake amazed Kircher. "Yet an huge Laky-ditch in the same Plain did wonderfully affect me: For it is found full of boyling waters, and ready to fright one with their blackness. You would say, it was a Kettle or Caldron boyling with Pitch and Rosin. Which forthwith changes place; and the waters growing hard on the brim of the Caldron, [it] is made narrower or wider, as the force and impetuousness of the Exhalation is greater or lesser."

Around the "horrid plain," circling and darkening it, were rocks, hills, and mountains.

This whole Plain is surrounded with Hills, or high and steep Rocks; whereof the top or Pick, once very high, being a length devoured by perpetual fires, is concluded from the very form of the place, to have sunk into a most profound Vale. Therefore that which was once the top, is now a deep ditch, or hole, in a plain Vale. And what were the coasts or sides of the Mountain heretofore, are now the tops of Cliffs and Rocks. And these, heretofore indeed, as Dion Cassius witnesseth, vomited forth fires and flames in greater quantity. The neighbour Mountains also did continually burn, and cast forth thick fumes and fiery Waters, as it were, out

of Furnaces. But now the very Plains, no [*sic*] otherwise then the Phlegraean Hills, being exhausted with perpetual flames, are cavernous, with an infinite number of holes, and are everywhere yellowish with a sulphureous matter and colour. . . . What shall I say of the Mountains and Rocks, with which this Vulcanian Plain is encompassed and guarded. There are beheld in these conveyances, or passages, as it were, of Chimneys, not a few breathing-holes, some of which belch forth a perpetual wind, with a formidable sound, and crackling noise. . . . Some dart forth smoak mixt with flames.

Kircher's conclusion is significant of the total effect which this scene of desolation produced upon an observer: "You would think yourself almost in the midst of Hell; where all things appear horrid, sad and lamentable, with a most formidable face of things."

Here, then, we find, seen through the eyes of a contemporary of Milton, written in the same year as Milton's visit to Naples, the chief details of Milton's Hell: the lake of fire, the burning plain over which Satan and his cohorts walked with such uneasy steps, the "floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire," the "hollow Abyss," the burning hills and rocks which cast their livid light into the gloom. Since, although Kircher's account was written in 1638, it was not published until after Milton had completed *Paradise Lost*, there seems no chance that Milton might have drawn his description from Kircher—unless, indeed, Kircher published his descriptions of Aetna, Vesuvius, and the Phlegraean Fields in an earlier edition, of which record has been lost.

An almost equally exact description, with another striking illustration, was, however, available to Milton in many editions, in a volume so familiar in the time that it was often used as a guide-book by travellers: George Sandys, *Relation of a Journey*.[9] Sandys's description, less

[9] I have examined various editions of this work in several libraries, and have

technical than that of Kircher, who was more interested in the scientific details, suggests the same general features. The "grot of Pausilype," which he describes in some detail was, he reports "begun by the Cimmerii, a people that inhabited hereabout in the time of the Trojan warres." It "passes under the mountaine for the space of sixe hundred paces (some say of a mile)," and is completely devoid of light, forming the most fitting of introductions to the desolate scene beyond:

We passed to the Court of Vulcan: aloft, and neere to the ancient Puteoli, but distant a mile and better from the new. These mountaines were called Leucogei by the Greeks, in regard of their whitenes: and the Phlegraean fields, for that Hercules here overthrew the barbarous people: who were called Giants for their inhumanity and insolencies; assisted with lightning from heaven:

> Th' Earth with imbowèld flames yet fuming glowes;
> And water, with fierd sulphur mixt, upthrowes:

whereupon grew the fable of their warring with the Gods. But heare we Petronius:

> A place deepe sunke in yawning cliffs, twixt great
> Dicarchea and Parthenope, repleate
> With black Cocytus waves: for winds that straine
> To rush forth there, a deadly heate containe.
> Th' Earth fruites in Autumne beares not, nor glad field
> Once puts on greene: or sprowting branches yeeld
> Their vernall songs. But Chaos and ragg'd stone
> Smircht with blacke Pumice, there rejoyce, ore-growne
> With mournfull Cypress. Dis his head here raises,
> Covered with ashes pale, and funerall blazes.

A naked levell it is, in forme of an ovall, twelve hundred forty and sixe feet long, a thousand broad, and environed with high cliffe hils that fume on each side, and have their sulphurous savour transported by the winds to places farre instant.[10] You would thinke,

frequently found, by marginal comments and notes, that it was a sort of "Baedeker" for this particular region.

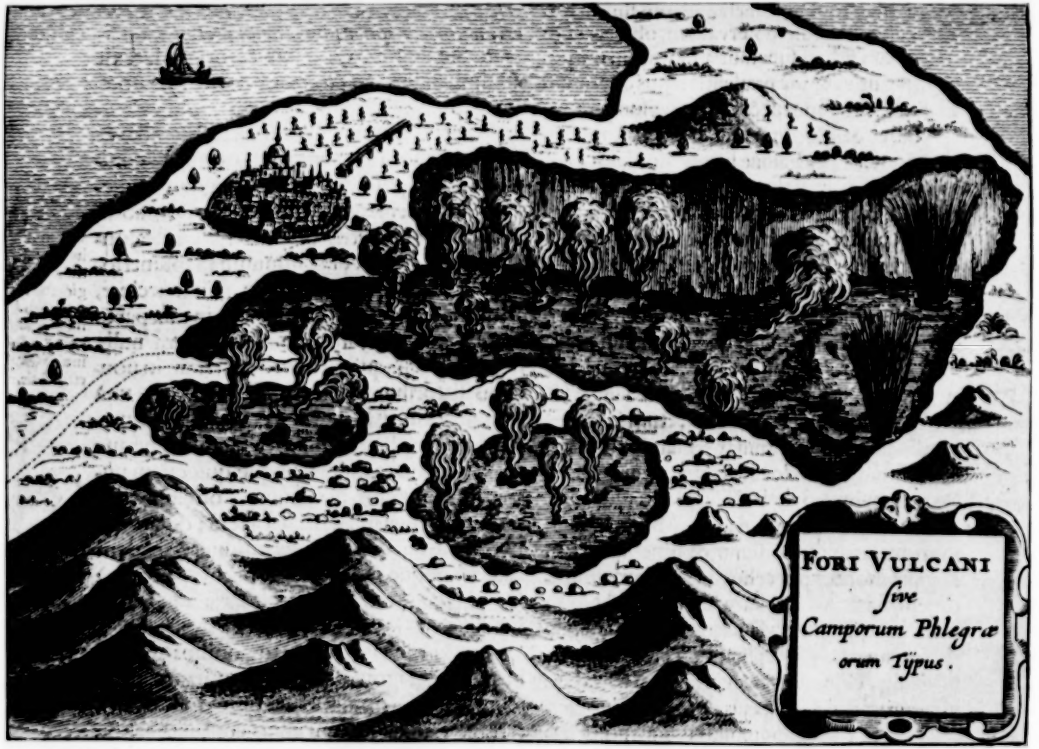
[10] "Distant" in other editions.

and no doubt thinke truly, that the hungry fire had made this valley with continuall feeding; which breakes out in a number of places. And strange it seemeth to a stranger, that men dare walke up and down with so great a security: the earth as hot as sufferable, being hollow underneath; where the fire and water make a horrible rumbling; conjoyning together, as if one were fuell to the other; here and there bubbling up, as if in a caldron over a fornace; and sprouting aloft into the aire, at such time as the sea is enraged with tempests. In some place of the colour of water which is mingled with soot, in others as if with lime, according to the complexion of the severall minerals. The flames doe many times shift places, abandoning the old, and making new eruptions (the mouths of the vents environed with yellow cinders). . . . This place is said by the Romane Catholikes to be disquieted with divels; and that the fire underneath, is a part of Purgatory, where departed soules have a temporall punishment.[11]

From the Forum Vulcani, Sandys turns to the nearby Amphitheatre, which Kircher does not describe, though his depiction of Puteoli, in his illustration, bears so many similarities to the "city and proud seat of Lucifer." Sandys discusses "the ruines of a magnificent Amphitheater, environing in an ovall a court an hundred threescore and twelve feet long, and fourscore and eight over. . . . Dedicated it was to Vulcan, and not without cause, he seeming in these parts to have such a soveraignty."[12] Like many other travellers, Sandys was impressed by the contrast between the magnificent work of man and the wild and desolate plain ravaged by eternal fire. At the beginning of his account of the district, he speaks of it as a place "where the wonderful secrets of Nature are epitomized, and Art has congested together her incredible performances: whose ruines doe yet affirme that prodigalities and luxury are no new

[11]Sandys, *op. cit.*, pp. 267-9. *Cf.* with the last sentence the following from *Vulcano's*, ed. cit., p. 40: "The Poets therefore feign'd these Giants to have assaulted the Gods in the Phlegraean-Plains; but to be struck down, some into Aetna, others into the Vulcanian Islands, and others into Hell."

[12]Sandys, *op. cit.*, p. 270.



THE PHLEGRAEAN FIELDS
(According to Kircher)

THE PHLEGRAEAN FIELDS
(According to Sandys)

crimes, and that we do but re-do old vices."[13] In imagination he reconstructs the Amphitheatre, and lets us see it as it must have been when it was the scene of the sport of emperors. In detail, it bears no similarity to Milton's Pandemonium; the likeness consists in the fact that both in Milton's poetry and in reality, we find on the one hand, a "city and proud seat," on the other, a majestic work of architecture, close by a barren volcanic plain ravaged by fire. Yet, although the actual architectural details of Pandemonium probably reflect St. Peter's rather than Puteoli or the ruined amphitheatre, there are various details in Milton's account of the building of the great hall which again imply association with volcanic districts.

Both Sandys and Kircher stress the richness of this apparently barren district in "Sulphur, Bitumen, Napthe, and other Earths, Clayes, Marles, and Minerals." "Although the place be so horrid," wrote Kircher,[14] "yet those who labour in making of Sulphur, Niter, Vitriol, *etc.* reap much profit thereby." So Mammon in *Paradise Lost* first discovered for the angels the ironic richness of the minerals of Hell:

> by him first
> Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
> Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
> Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
> For treasures better hid.

The actual process of construction of Pandemonium is, of course, intended to be supernatural, yet there are details which are entirely consistent with the theories of volcanic action as they were understood in Milton's day. One of the groups of Mammon's assistants prepared the ore which was found in the mountain, but which had arisen from beneath:

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 262. [14] *Vulcano's*, ed. cit., p. 28.

> Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
> That underneath had veins of liquid fire
> Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
> With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
> Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross. . . .

The description is in accordance with the current theory of the subterranean world which, according to Kircher, "is a well fram'd House, with distinct Rooms, Cellars, and Store-houses."[15] "The bowels of the Earth," he also observes, "are full of Aestuaries, that is, places overflown, and raging with Fire, which we call Underground Fire-houses." There are "Nests of Heat, or . . . Fire-houses, variously distributed through the Universal Bowels of the Earth." The universal fire breaks forth now in the ocean, now in eruptions of volcanoes, again in the forcing up of great mountains, rocks, and hills. So Milton's fallen architects discovered:

> A third as soon had formed within the ground
> A various mould, and from the boiling cells
> By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook.

While the great hall of Pandemonium rose by supernatural means, there may yet be in that description a momentary recollection of the most extraordinary phenomenon ever observed in the Phlegraean Fields. The mighty building "rose like an exhalation"—a term constantly used by writers to describe volcanic eruption. Remarkable as that seems, it is less remarkable than "the horrible, and astonishing eruption of the New Mountain" exactly a century before Milton's visit to Naples. "For who here knowes not, or who elsewhere will beleeve," wrote Sandys,[16] "that a mountain should arise (partly out of a lake, and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, unto such an height, as to contend in altitude with

[15] *Vulcano's*, ed. cit., Preface, n.p. (as also following quotations).
[16] *Relation*, ed. cit., pp. 277-8.

the high mountains adioyning? In the yeare of our Lord 1538, and on the nine and twentieth of September . . . the Mountain visibly ascended about the second houre of the night with an hidious roring, horribly vomiting stones." Whether the New Mountain—according to Sandys, "advancing his top a mile above his basis," was Milton's "Hill not far," we may only surmise. After all, Vesuvius itself is "not far" from the Phlegraean Fields, and Milton knew Vesuvius, as did all travellers to Naples.

As surmise we must leave the assumption that in his blindness Milton turned back for his geographical details of Hell to the Phlegraean Fields which he had seen, a young traveller to Italy. Those critics who wish to insist that Milton's sources are to be found primarily in books may rest content with the suggestion that, either during his Italian tour, or at some time before his blindness, he had used Sandys's *Relation;* those who prefer to believe that Milton often drew from actual experience may find in the similarities between his Hell and the Solfàtara evidence that in the first book of *Paradise Lost*, as in other passages, Milton turned back to experience in addition to literary sources. Certainly the combination of topographical details, the legendary associations, the exact accounts of two contemporaries, and the sum total of the effect which this strange district made upon less sensitive minds, is enough to warrant at least an assumption that when, a quarter of a century later, the blind Milton returned to the great poem, which, according to some accounts, he began in Italy, he—even more than a poet whose sight permitted recourse to literature—went back in memory to the desolation of the volcanic Phlegraean Fields, and from them drew the topographical details against which he placed another battle of the gods and giants, another descent to Avernus.

ROMAN COMEDY

S. M. Adams

APPRECIATION of Plautus and Terence does not leap forth, like Athena from the brows of Zeus, adult and armed. It enters into existence, if at all, in a manner much more painful and prosaic, and quite ungeared for battle. I hold no energetic brief for these unhappy poets; I merely offer a few considerations which seem to justify the verdicts given by their contemporaries, and which may also serve to temper our modern judgments.

At the outset a confession is in order. Comparatively few people read Plautus and Terence after they are in a position to do so properly—that is, after the plays have ceased to be just so much Latin, and can therefore be viewed with comfort and convenience in their real form as pieces for the stage. Undergraduate impressions blunt the reader's interest; nor is the fault entirely his: as he wades these reedy waters the question, "What does this sort of stuff really matter?" is, after all, as reasonable as it is obtrusive, and he feels nothing but relief when Cantor hands him again to solid ground. Yet to read any play as a play requires that the reader be free to occupy his mind with the business of visualizing the stage-scene, the stage-business, and the acting. This he cannot do if his mind is occupied chiefly with grasping the mere sense of the lines; and it must in fairness be admitted that a certain amount of the contempt in which Roman Comedy is generally held can be attributed to failure to treat these works as plays at all.

For this failure the novice may claim some slight excuse in that Roman Comedy has no modern counterpart. Written in verse that runs the gamut from metrical

back-chat to something akin to poetry, it involves also copious draughts of recitative, and a good deal of actual lyric—much in Plautus, a distinctly less amount in Terence. We have here no counterpart of the half-parallel which Gilbert and Sullivan make with Aristophanes. The nineteenth-century musical comedy and its twentieth-century revival in the cinema are, with a few notable exceptions, on an even lower plane; they are, first and foremost, shows, not plays; they make even less pretence at plot and certainly no more serious attempt at character-drawing; and the humblest estimate of Graeco-Roman music must put it at something better than jazz unorchestrated. Yet this "musical comedy" is probably our closest approximation; for "straight" comedy naturally stands on a different level from that of any comedy-with-music, and light opera, being wholly set to music, makes a different kind of thing again. It is indeed true that, while Plautus likes his music plentiful, Terence leans decidedly in the direction of straight comedy; but his long passages of recitative, with the occasional lyric, pen him safely in the same category.

Prerequisite to fair judgment, then, is the visualizing of any specimen of Roman Comedy as something rendered on the stage; and a performance which can be judged by the commonly accepted standards of any one type familiar in the modern theatre is not to be expected. The reader must allow his specimen to unfold itself in its own way, taking each element in it as it appears, prepared to enjoy it, if he can, for what it really is.

This visualizing process is likely to surprise him. He will discover, for instance, that these Roman plays move swiftly—especially those of Plautus; for Terence is smoother and more sedate, not only in his verse but also in his method. A competent director could put them on

with considerable "snap." The action "clicks." To take one example: the *Rudens* of Plautus, a work of some fourteen hundred verses with a considerable cast of characters, leaves an empty stage ten times; on four of these occasions we have a natural "act"-break, and on each of the others the next arrival has been so deftly forecast that the momentarily empty stage makes for dramatic entry. In fact, the whole business of mere stage technique is the work of expert theatrical craftsmen. Plotting out the actors' movements during any act of this same play will reveal in the resulting diagram a brilliant simplicity of lines, each perfectly timed and motivated, with plenty of good simple "pictures." Whatever else we may say of them, we must admit that Plautus and Terence knew their theatre. Indeed, if our concern is with the virtues of compactness, smartness, neatness, and finesse of "business," we must pass from their day to the later nineteenth century to find their equals. Other virtues there are, of course, and higher in the scale of dramatic values: the virtue of knowing when to stop, for instance. But it will chasten us if we compare, without preconception or predilection, Plautus's *Menaechmi* with the *Comedy of Errors*: not only does the child of Plautus's brain look trim and *svelte* beside the somewhat shaggy obesity of Shakespeare's prodigy, but Plautus—our clowning ex-stage-carpenter—shows the genius that recognizes the limitations of this twin-brother situation. Where Shakespeare improves on it by doubling the twins, Plautus contents himself with a neatly simple sequence of eleven confusions of identity, each confusion worse confounded than the one before it, and the last exhausting the tolerable possibilities. This, it may be suggested, is the restraint of genius; of course, it may be merely accident, since elsewhere Plautus compounds complexities.

But the point is that these Roman plays should be judged as plays. We should, however, note that, if first impressions are naturally unfavourable, the comments of critics have, until quite recently, done little to correct them. Publication of Professor Norwood's *Art of Terence* has changed all that, so far as Terence is concerned: here for the first time Terence receives due measure of sympathetic understanding as artist, dramatist, and man. Lejay has done something of the sort for Plautus. But other comparatively recent historians of literature show no very great interest in Roman Comedy as drama; and in the past it has assuredly been discouraging to the enquirer to find such critics as Mackail stung into bitterness by the contemplation of these plays: "The humour of one age is often the despair of another," or words to that effect. As a matter of fact, Mackail's aphorism is misleading. Humour in one age does not differ materially from humour in another; it is the mould of the humour that changes: different ages emphasize in art different types of humour. The humour of Plautus is still with us—on the vaudeville stage, for example, or in the broad farce, the burlesque, the minstrel show, the less grotesque movie comedies, or the superior varieties of comic strip. And the humour of Terence, such as it is, has lifted its sleek head in various brands of drama, and especially in those gossipy productions of the French and English stage, now happily either moribund or extinct, in which the spectator's sanity depends on his keeping a cool head under barrages of complicated information concerning a general situation of no conceivable importance—comedies which presuppose in the audience a leaning towards petty scandal and delicate intrigue. In any event, one must remember that the terms "humour" and "comedy" are so general that their application must be conceded to anything that claims

them. Particularly dangerous is it to deny the possession of a sense of humour. This regrettable deficiency we must not attribute to anyone—even to Terence. Caesar did that, and nearly blasted his reputation with all posterity.

In short, the proper attitude towards the plays of Plautus and Terence is, at first, an attitude of benevolent neutrality. Before we may rightfully hold any definite opinion we must understand what they really are. Nor is that everything. There are, after all, two points of view from which the values of a play may be estimated. We may judge it according to the absolute standards of drama, or we may regard it with particular reference to its original environment: we may let it stand on its own legs or we may prop it with scantlings of literary and historical background. Often enough an ancient play's inherent dramatic qualities are sufficiently arresting on a first, even casual, reading; but frequently the work has little appeal without some understanding of the circumstances of its creation; and to this latter class belong, I think, most of the twenty-five specimens of Roman Comedy that have come down to us. Our final judgment should, therefore, wait on consideration of the why and wherefore of their being. We shall at least recognize that they represent a very curious period in the history of drama. Then, if they still fail to move in most of us any strong emotion one way or another, we can honestly leave such as enjoy them to the peaceful prosecution of a strange delight.

* * * * *

Roman Comedy was an adaptation of the New Comedy of Athens, and this New Attic Comedy was the mongrel progeny of Tragedy spoiled and honest Comedy ruined. Comedy proper had lost nerve and substance with the failure of Athenian democracy, its once sparkling

stream flowing ever more sluggishly down through pools of parody and crude class-caricature. On the other hand, the New Learning had robbed Tragedy of power and grandeur, adding to the Muses' choir the cacophonous treble of intellectual queries and disgusts; and parallel with the dull stream of the newer Comedy ran these once proud waters of the Senior Drama, muddy now from the probings of philosophical sticks and salted with Euripidean tears. In the viscous and scummy pond of New Comedy the two streams inevitably found their common low level. Tragic character deflated to subnormal standards found a natural affinity in the subnormal types now emerging from the grotesques of Comedy: Orestes in his heroic myth has not even a nodding acquaintance with Strepsiades, but if he steps down into the streets of Athens he can shake hands with Davus.

Of this New Attic Comedy no single complete specimen is extant. The discovery of copious fragments of Menander provides, indeed, the wherewithal for certain definite conclusions regarding this one writer; and there is no doubt that he, though only one of many, was commonly considered the greatest of them. Mackail refers to him as "the Shakespeare of Greece"—though "the Shakespeare of the Levant" might better suit his popularity, if not his works. The very copiousness of these parts of plays, however, tends to make us forget that there were other writers in high repute and that his way was not necessarily theirs. Tradition says, for example, that Philemon was "coarser" than Menander; we may with virtue hope he was, for the humour that finds outlet in coarseness is better than the sentimentality which finds merit in self-conscious indulgences. In any event, from our knowledge of the period, supported by plenty of internal evidence, we can safely describe the whole *genre* as

a product of Athenian decadence. A "virile originality," characteristic of Hellas in her prime, had given way, it seems, to a mincing interest in trivialities; none should understand better than we of this age the dry-rot that sets in when "Art" is cultivated as a trade and spelled with a capital. Gracefulness of style and smoothness of versification, we shall willingly admit to be characteristic of the fragments as a whole; this is after all faint praise and, in the lack of other, damns indeed. The characters, all "stock," with little "stock" frailties and lesser "stock" virtues, have small appeal for robust tastes; the plots follow a limited number of traditional lines with the element of variety confined to treatment. We may call the plays sophisticated pieces for sophisticated audiences, and be content, since in the field of art sophistication and insipidity are usually interchangeable terms. But we shall hardly be taken in by the specious plea of M LeGrand, quoted with approval in the Loeb *Menander*, that this comedy was neither more nor less *monotone* than Tragedy, Epic, Sculpture, or Architecture!

Examine the story of *Epitrepontes*, the very considerable fragments of which form our largest single specimen of Menander's work. Charisius, a well-to-do young man, has violated the girl Pamphila during the night of a festival. Pamphila has kept the young man's ring but has not seen his face. Afterwards the two have met and married; but Pamphila is already with child, and the child when born (secretly) has been exposed by an old nurse, with certain tokens, including the ring. Charisius, learning of the child's birth, has refused to live with Pamphila any longer and has gone revelling with some friends and the courtesan Abrotonon. The play itself is the resolution of these charming complications. Pamphila's father, having heard of his son-in-law's new mode of life, is sore distressed

—over such misuse of his daughter's dowry. He falls in with two humble disputants. These are a shepherd, Davus, who found the exposed infant, and a charcoal-burner, Syriscus, to whom he gave it while withholding the tokens and the ring for private profit. Syriscus has claimed tokens and ring, because without them the child can never learn its parents' identity; Davus has refused to give them up; and they appeal now to Pamphila's father as arbiter. Magnificent irony, indeed; the grandfather unwittingly arbitrates the fate of his grandchild! And delicious humour: a shepherd and a charcoal-burner pleading like really nice Athenians in a law-court! Then Onesimus, Charisius' faithful retainer, sees and recognizes for his master's the ring in Syriscus' hand. And so it goes on, with by-play and delay, until all is made right in the end, the courtesan Abrotonon proving a most clever, audacious, and beneficent cog-wheel in the slowly grinding mill of the Menandrian gods, and Pamphila's poor old father blundering in angry ignorance to the last.

Now, the morality or immorality of this kind of thing is not in point. Indeed, it is properly said that Menander "holds his mirror to contemporary life but contrives to reflect far more of good than of evil," and that in his work "the sordid is relieved by elements of generosity and unselfishness." In this particular play Charisius "commits one outrageous act represented as alien to his character when sober"—

> When the coster's finished jumping on his mother
> He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—

and "he 'hates the gay life' in which he tries to drown his continued love for Pamphila;" and "Davus is the only villain in the play." But I am not concerned here with Menander's efforts to disinter the virtues of sophistication. My purpose is to illustrate the kind of play adapted for presentation on the *Roman* stage; and, so far as Menander

is concerned, *Epitrepontes* is no isolated specimen but runs true to type if we may judge from the other works of his that have come down to us in any appreciable bulk. For the *Girl from Samos* turns on the theme of two "illegitimate" children and the *Hero* is heroically based on twins.

Of Menander enough. He was a great and humane artist, whose faults are the fault of his day and generation. In the uninspiring life about him he saw and portrayed the best, within the limitations of his art. In that art itself he made at least one great advance: in his hands stock types turn into individual men and women. That the methods of other important writers of New Comedy differed from his, we have good reason to believe; but his undoubted popularity seems to justify one in stating with some assurance that the whole type, with its stock characters and its stock plots and its stock atmosphere of literate fatuity, is the proper possession of a degenerate class or race, and of no other.

* * * * *

And this is the stuff that the citizens of Rome, in the heyday of their national vigour and on the march to the high lands of their national glory, were asked to assimilate and approve! Is there anything quite so anomalous in all the history of art? Who could imagine that veterans of battles with the Carthaginian, all innocent of "culture," would look with anything but disgusted incredulity on the petty problems of New Comedy's vapid weaklings, even if a code of life so different from their own should pass muster as of foreigners? Of course it was tried out; it was a product of art, of culture, and there was such a happy profusion of it—for New Comedy was nothing if not prolific. First there were mere translations, whose failure we can grant without benefit of evidence. Then came Plau-

tus, and then Terence. Plautus attained at least a measure of success; Terence failed. There is nothing unnatural in that, for the one was an Italian and knew his Romans, while the other was an African and knew a very select circle of hothouse Atticizers.

They did not translate merely; they adapted. And for their adaptation mass production lay before them. But mass production creates mass discard; and it was to a kind of literary bone-yard that Plautus and Terence went. From mouldering heaps of the corpses of plays by Menander and Diphilus and Philemon and Apollodorus and the others, they gathered the material for Roman Comedy. Their methods of selection and use differed. Plautus would collect an armful of likely-looking bones and string them up loosely in a rough semblance of the living play. It would not matter if he had a couple of ribs too many, or lacked a femur or metatarsal; an extra skull could come in handy. It was all cheerful and profitable fun for him. But Terence burned midnight oil in a course on dramatic anatomy, and got his bones all present and correct, neatly polished and articulated. Terence filled out his reconstructed skeleton with smoothly-moulded clay and made of it a recognizable if somewhat unpleasant statue. Plautus, with a liking for something more closely resembling the living flesh (and the fleshpots) of contemporary Rome, patched up a semblance of hybrid form by glueing to his chaotic skeleton gobbets of fat Roman pork and patting them roughly into place. Anatomical skill and sculptural finish were qualities insufficient in themselves to captivate Roman audiences, and Terence was never popular with them; but Plautus's hybrids made them laugh.

These two poets are, indeed, so totally unlike in genius that it is really unfortunate that any one term such as

"Roman Comedy" should be applied to both. In aim, in method, in mannerisms they are poles apart.

Manifestly Terence, the later of the two, takes Menander for his particular model. Like Menander, he specializes in character-drawing and plot-complication. Like Menander, he uses a specious kind of subtlety in locating his characters at various stages of ignorance or knowledge with regard to the facts of the particular situation round which his play revolves; "action" consists in the elaborate business of making the various characters discover what the true facts of the situation are. The plays are neat, well-ordered, logical in sequence of events. Their interest lies wholly within themselves, in plot, psychology, and "pure" writing. Like Menander's, they are, in fact, "high comedy"—that is, comedy so refined that comedy itself is rarefied into primordial ether, where hearty laughs are introspective smiles, and gleeful vituperation an indulgent pat.

These six plays of Terence are of a single type, and they exhibit, as Professor Norwood has demonstrated, a rapid development in technique and power. With due allowance made for the imperfect form in which Menander has come down to us, there can really be little doubt that Terence has improved markedly on his master. As to his merits, *The Art of Terence* leaves nothing to be said. The process by which in Menander individual characters emerge from stock types is improved upon, perhaps perfected. The frailty in New Comedy which allowed the plot to turn on the machinations of a slave gives way to the development of plot through the characters of principals: the barrel-organ of intrigue begins to operate on the internal-combustion principle. Menander's humane sympathy which could put virtues into characters commonly despised is accepted and intensified. The artistry

of Terence now stands unquestioned. It is rivalled by his interest in his people. His characters seem like actual human beings. But what beings! That is the point.

Dramatic technique may have been the gainer through the labours of Terence, but it is no wonder that a hearty Roman audience, prepared to laugh at the stage-antics of persons admittedly unreal and impossible, refused to be indulgent to the kind of creatures put on the boards by Terence. The very fact that Terence's persons bear some stamp of reality puts an audience in a position of discomfort; for these characters are in the main flaccid, weakly, and degenerate—resuscitated rats from the bilge-water of a foundering ship of state; and because they are such pitiable things they are not funny or amusing, but distressing.

After all, why should it thrill a Roman audience if the courtesan Bacchis in *Hecyra*, like her prototype, Abrotonon in *Epitrepontes*, behaves with consideration and generosity instead of exhibiting the qualities commonly attributed to her class—especially when her behaviour is unmotivated (except by the poet's melodramatic sentimentality) and when the recipient of her kindness is an abysmally insipid and unspeakably selfish nuisance whose persistent lamentations are interrupted only by floods of self-pitying tears? Rope-dancers are indubitably better than this kind of thing. Roman audiences might well sigh for the *Miles Gloriosus* and other bravos of that Plautine ilk. The memory of Plautus must have seemed like the memory of fresh winds from the mountains to those who breathed this fetid atmosphere. For stupid the characters in Plautus were, unscrupulous, subnormal, and grotesque; but there was a kind of likeable unalleviated imbecility about them (as there is about Popeye, Moon Mullins, or Andy Gump) which, if it did no more, made them at least incredible and

therefore harmless. They stood on a plane above the perverse sententiousness, the maudlin sentimentality, the general air of unwholesome flabbiness that mark the level of the people that Terence adopted from the wreck of Greece; and it is a tribute to the finer qualities of the Roman public that, while they suffered Plautus wisely and not too well, they could not stomach his successor.

This air of unreality about the people of Plautus is surely too general to be accidental. One may be permitted to believe that Plautus realized, either through his previous experience of the stage as a workman or by intuition, that the characters of New Comedy could stir no sympathetic understanding in a Roman audience; that his native genius instructed him to make these creatures tolerable by removing them so far from reality that their unpleasantness would live in fancy and not in fact; that, in brief, he deliberately did what Aristotle said ought to be done in comedy: he made his characters funny but not offensive.

And certainly his method of dealing with New Comedy plots displays a healthy disregard for them. It is plain enough that he has little use for delicate filaments of intrigue. He seems to have felt that in comedy plot need not be of primary importance: he will readily sacrifice plot for a laugh's sake; some of his plays disintegrate at the touch of reason. But he has usually chosen a plot humorous in itself; and always it is such as gives rise to funny situations that are worked out for their own sake. The Plautine plot is but the means to an end. Of course this is dramatic irregularity; but in much the same way Aristophanes was free to depart from his central theme in humorous by-play, the cumulative effect of which was quite as important as the working-out of the central theme.

So the outlines of Greek plays are used by Plautus as a vehicle for the expression of his own humour which, like that of Aristophanes, is the humour of a people in its robust days. And as if he wished to accentuate his disregard for his originals, he threw into his plays allusions to Roman customs, laws, and magistrates, and was not above making fairly frequent use of topical references to Roman events. The whole tone of the play was changed. The original Greek was pretty generally sedate while Plautus is often rowdy, delicate while Plautus frequently employs the frankest slap-stick—and sentimentally objectionable while Plautus is only "coarse." As for the typically Plautine humour of the minor kind—his puns, for example, his alliterations and assonances, his *récherché* interest in gluttony as such, and his references to all those other little frailties of human nature mention of which can still shake the vaulted domes of English music-halls—this may be buffoonery, not drama. But it was healthily and happily suited to the audience. There may have been a trace of genius, after all, in the man who in the material offered him not only saw the need for change but analysed it and supplied it.

It has been said that the extant works of Plautus afford an example of almost every kind of play to which the term "comedy" can be applied. That is largely a matter of nomenclature; Wight Duff seems nearer the mark when he observes that the impression produced by Plautus is "not that of versatility but, within his limits, that of amazing exuberance." Yet certainly he was not satisfied, as Terence was, with any one type of plot. *Rudens* is a genuine enough romantic piece, with a flavour of the sea and a happy unreality that turns even the slave-dealer, like the villain of honest musical comedy, into a good fellow at the end. *Captivi* is a "comedy of sentiment"

with, incidentally, no female characters, and is loaded with noble motives; though in this respect it is completely overshadowed by *Trinummus*, which oozes super-Catonian domestic virtues at every joint. These and one or two others possibly form a group, in that they can be read with comparatively few shocks by the reasonably fastidious. Again, *Cistellaria* is a play on the same general lines as *Epitrepontes*; *Mercator* is "high comedy;" *Casina* is a farce concerning the doings of two slaves who want to marry the same slave-girl, and their master and his son—a theme which certainly requires all the superimposed Roman humour that Plautus can apply. *Aulularia* retails the troubles of a miser and his daughter. In *Pseudolus* we learn how the slave of that name secures a desired courtesan for his master by the usual kind of trickery. *Amphitryo* is a broad burlesque on the theme of Jupiter's love for Alcmena. But this is no place for complete enumeration. A glance at the *argumenta* of the different plays will speedily put the enquirer *en rapport* with their general plots; and if he is not prepared to swallow unpalatable stories for the sake of good old Roman vaudeville, he will be well advised to keep his distance from most of them. Even if he likes his comedy primitive, he will find that one or two of the less well-known plays will satisfy him for a year at least.

At all events, Plautus seems to have ranged through the whole mass of available Greek in the search for basic ideas, continually experimenting. How much of Plautine humour is really Greek, it is impossible to estimate; I am content to suppose (rashly, no doubt) that very little of it is. At least it is certain that broad humour was what he wanted, in his plots and in his characters, in his language and even in his metre—for there is such a thing as humour in versification. And here the essential difference

between him and Terence may be stated simply: if you wish to appreciate Terence you must take him seriously; that you must never do with Plautus.

This does not imply that nowhere in Terence will a humorous situation be found. For example, there is a little episode in *Adelphi* in which an intoxicated slave encounters the worried and disgusted parent of two erring sons, and not only is the situation itself delicately humorous, but we are even treated to some amusing "drunkisms:" a hybrid *prodeambulare* and a couple of slurred words, *dis* for *dives* and *villi* for *vinilli*.*

Of much higher type is the scene in *Eunuchus* in which Thraso, a specimen of the *miles gloriosus* class, brings a little army of servants, bearing (we gather) household articles including a sponge to wipe anticipated wounds with, when he comes to the courtesan Thais's house to demand the return of a girl; he shows the customary poltroonery of his literary breed and suffers a defeat which his vainglorious stupidity presumes to be a victory. This is genuine comedy of its kind, with accelerated verse and quickened tempo. Yet here, as elsewhere in Terence, the humour inherent in the situation seems to have been restrained and subdued by the poet's prevailing gracefulness of treatment; it has the air of old broad-humour stuff with its soul (its *vis comica*) tamed by conscious art. It is almost as if Maeterlinck were to stage the custard-pie act.

Plautus, on the contrary, will have liveliness at all costs; he will procure it from any source. In the so-called first act of *Rudens*, for example, Trachalio has been told off to discover whether the slaver Labrax has tricked our hero Plesidippus. There must be someone, preferably

*Incidentally, it is characteristic of old-type criticism, that the editor of one annotated text comments on the great rarity of the form *dis* and makes scholarly pronouncement that *prodeambulare* and *villi* are *hapax legomena*.

native to the place, for him to question. A stray Cyrenean would have served the purpose; instead, to begin act two with a flourish, enter, in quite the musical-comedy fashion, a kind of chorus of local fishermen:

> Omnibus modis qui pauperes sunt homines miseri uiuont,
> Praesertim quibus nec quaestus est neque didicere artem ullam,
> Necessitate quidquid est domi id sat est habendum. . . .

and so on for another half-dozen or so of these "long iambics." This is obviously a particularly unimportant example; yet it illustrates the kind of thing that Plautus wrote, out of sheer exuberance and for the simple sake of amusing his audience; it has nothing whatever to do with his plot, and there is little or nothing to it from the point of view of art. At the same time the Latin exhibits the extraordinary vivacity that Plautus imparts to the language he fitted to Greek metres. That, indeed, has never been questioned: his skill in handling the Latin language in dialogue, recitative, and lyric has been admitted from classical Latin days to modern times; his vigorous lightness in this respect is a perfect counterpart of Terence's delicate charm. Roman criticism, in fact, was extraordinarily favourable to him on every count; even the adverse comments of Horace and Quintilian are far less adverse than we might have expected from men apparently so remote from him in temperament and predilections.

* * * * *

And so the Roman legionary comes home on leave. He sees new grog-shops in the old familiar street, exuding a strong aroma of the nearer East. Where Plautus is proprietor he finds himself at home. "Maccus," he says, as shield and sword descend with a clash on the bench,

"Macc., I'll try some of these Greek things." "Sure," replies Plautus. "Mastichê-and-Apollodorus; and, say, try one of these anchovy sandwiches . . . but," he adds, "you'd better have a mug of ale and a bit of bologna with them!" Soothed and fortified by the addition of homely luxuries, the customer crosses the street content. It is very different in Terence's emporium. "Yes, sir? Certainly, sir! One of our best hors d'oeuvres, sir: caviare-on-toast? With an Andria, sir? Sloe gin, sir, with cream and a dash of bitters? Very popular in Greece, sir!" And when the startled burgher after one bite cries "What the Herc!" and flings the morsel away, Terence must needs retrieve it, dust it off, and force it again on this unresponsive soul. "You mustn't do that, sir! My best hors d'oeuvre, sir: my special 'Hecyra'! You must really eat it, sir! Scipio says it's splendid!" "Well," growls the legionary, "it may be caviare to the General, but it's a pain in the neck to me!" At which the ancient Plautus leans from his booth and bawls across: "You mean, it may be caviare to the General but it's *caveas* to you!"—and retires with a satisfied conscience.

CONFLICTING AIMS WITHIN THE CANADIAN UNIVERSITY

A. Edel

THE predicament of the teacher who cannot serve the mass of his students without sacrificing the few most capable, nor devote himself to these without neglecting the mass, is a commonplace. It is especially serious in the university. It is not a defect of the teacher, but an ineradicable contradiction in the material with which he deals and the system which limits his method. One given to sweeping or imaginative generalizations may see in it a manifestation of the age-old struggle between democracy and aristocracy, and accordingly take up the cudgels for his pet prejudice. In Canadian academic circles it is more customary to refer to the problem as the conflict of English and American tendencies. This simplification appeals to the dramatic sense: in drama forces are most stirring when they are unadulterated and precisely antithetical. Hence it is said that the Canadian university aspires to what is English and is swept towards the American: it preaches English sportsmanship and plays American games; it imports English professors and invites them to meet the Americanized minds of the students; it aims at scholarship and drifts towards popularization. Obviously this is but attaching names to likes and dislikes, running to extremes of adulation and animosity.

The Canadian university, drawn in two directions, is suffering from a definite neurosis. But the difficulty is a deep one. It is not to be settled by facile resort to the analogy of the conflict in Canada between an historic tradition, furnishing ideals, and geographic proximity, dic-

tating practice. Too often such a ready solution will lead to a neglect of the best achieved in the United States, and the enshrining of faults along with virtues in whatever is English. In reality, the problem is less one of objective characteristics than internal desires. The distemper, like any complex, lies in the conflicting expression of different aims. To know what one wants is the first condition of getting it. So Socratic wisdom and Delphic inspiration united to instruct man in bidding him, "Know thyself." In what follows we shall make three suggestions: that Canadian universities have implicit in their conduct at least four separate aims, which are apt to be treated alike despite their divergence; that not all the aims are compatible within a single institution; that their existence is expressive of conflicting social forces which are not necessarily capable of being harmonized. Recognition of the conflict at least points the direction of its partial solution. The problem is not specifically Canadian, but occurs wherever there is a like arrangement of social forces. In the United States experimental activity is being directed towards its solution, and to a lesser extent in England. This but more strongly points to the futility of rationalizing the difficulty in the general terms of a conflict of American and English ideals.

The implicit aims of the educational system are: (1) to raise the general level of popular education; (2) to turn out "gentlemen" or "respectable citizens;" (3) to prepare men for the various professions; (4) to foster creative cultural and scientific activity. Each of these finds a different emphasis in different parts of the system, and at present all meet in the university. We shall consider them here only at the university level.

I

Earnest professors are wont to scorn popularization of their subjects. Really, however, it is less this they abhor than the necessity which the university imposes upon them of being popular and scholarly at one and the same time. Few of them would object if they could work separately with their most promising students and set different standards for the rest. Some might even prefer specializing with the one group, others with the other. Certainly the principle of popular higher education is not in doubt. That every man should know something of the results and methods of the sciences is now an imperative, no more dubious than was once the principle that every man should be able to read and write. In fact, it is only in some familiarity with the sciences, and at least a partial incorporation of the rigour of their logical method into everyday thought and consequent action, that we can hope for a barrier against fanaticism. How slim a barrier it is at best, there is ample present-day evidence. But a dike, however weak, is preferable to a flood.

The problem does not end here. For the public mind is insatiably curious; it is the same curiosity which, deepened, canalized, refined, provides the psychological basis of pure scientific endeavour. When more shallow it becomes infused with moral categories and produces myth. The connection of myth and science is nowhere better stated than in Santayana's cryptic definition of science as "a myth conscious of its essential ideality, reduced to its fighting weight and valued only for its significance." Popular science, as we know it to-day, is accordingly the mythology of a scientific age, and its social function is, by satisfying man's cosmic curiosity, to maintain the respected dominion of the scientific attitude in a way in which

the practical applications of science, emphatic as they are, alone would never do. But extraneous elements creep into myth, which may become the basis of erroneous and socially harmful inferences. Nothing short of popular scientific education of a relatively high standard, combined with stringent Socratic ethical analysis, can avail against it.

Again, the importance of an interested reading public, a larger educated group, to appreciate and encourage pure science, is not to be under-estimated. In the case of art, the fact is well established historically. To be secure, both science and art must become popular traditions and gain the weight of that inertial conservatism which has too often been employed against them.

To facilitate popular education many and rapidly multiplying instruments lie ready to hand. In the first place, the solution of the problem of unemployment should lie in shorter hours and more abundant leisure rather than in curtailment of the efficacy of the machine. Leisure is probably more important than necessity in mothering invention. Cinema and radio are both capable of effective utilization. A central university, using radio and enjoying with television all the advantages of the cinema and thus of the class-room blackboard and the performance of laboratory experiments before a class,[1] will prove a most potent instrument of popular education. There is nothing but inadequate organization to prevent regular lectures in the natural and social sciences, in hygiene, literature, history, art, and in whatever else enters into the necessities of daily life and mutual relations, and of the cultivation of the mind. And there is no reason why these should prove less successful than do

[1]The reactions in long experimentation may be speeded up in cinematographic representation; *e.g.*, the daily growth of a flower has been shown in a few seconds.

the freshmen lectures delivered at present to classes of several hundred. Even now, in the Eastern United States, for example, radio symphony concerts receive in comfortable surroundings at home as careful and more popular attention than in the stiff seats of concert-halls.

What is here significant in this idealized sketch of quite probable events, is the separation of popular education from the university. The separation is not intended to be complete. For there will always be a portion of the young public seeking more intimate contact with the university, even apart from the value and honour of degrees. It is not our intention to enter upon the *minutiae* of organization. A system could easily be developed in which students and even the public might freely attend whatever lectures they wished (as they do in the Collège de France) and take examinations whenever they thought themselves masters of the requirements of a general course. In any case, making general education—outside particular fields of specialization—available to the regular student body is an essential, though perhaps the more difficult, aspect of popularization.

In Canada experimentation has been hindered by an unwillingness to recognize that the universities are actually engaged to a great extent in the popularizing of knowledge. They fulfil this part of their function grudgingly. Standards are kept high—nominally; actually they often fall considerably. Courses savouring of popularization are scrupulously avoided, whereas freshman Latin is often a prerequisite for the Bachelor of Arts degree, though a large proportion of students fail, or merely scrape through, and little knowledge of the subject remains. On the other hand, in New York, for example, the system of extension and evening classes and home-

study courses is very well developed. The universities attempt to cater to diverse sections of the population. Columbia University's list of home-study courses, managed largely by correspondence, may be bizarre, but at least it represents an effort to deal with a real problem. The extension courses of the University of Toronto, the correspondence courses given by Queen's, the work of St. Francis Xavier University, and the efforts of the Workers' Educational Association, all signify the recognition of a task whose scope should be extended more deeply into the community.

II

To speak of turning out gentlemen or respectable citizens as the aim of a university obviously implies a value judgment of the most disputable kind. In this regard, Canadian universities have attempted to model themselves on Oxford and Cambridge, chiefly the former. The ideal core of those institutions (and this is also a value judgment) is the acceptance of scientific, literary, and other cultural pursuits as valuable in their own terms. From the pedagogical standpoint this necessitates a personal tutorial system; and from the students' standpoint, a free atmosphere congenial to mutual association, in large or small groups, for the pursuit of varied common interests—intellectual, aesthetic, political, athletic—at their own leisure. The last qualification is most important, and either it entails drawing students from a leisure class, or, as is now the case in England through the cooperation of the municipalities with the older universities, an extensive scholarship system. In scarcely one of these respects have the Canadian universities successfully emulated their proposed models. To the vast majority of their

students an Arts course is entirely instrumental. Personal contact of teacher and student is replaced for the most part by lectures which students tend to take as *ex cathedra* truth. (This is, of course, descriptive of a general attitude. There are certainly exceptions, as, for example, in the honours work at the University of Toronto, where some adaptation of the Oxford tutorial system is combined with lectures.) And the free leisurely atmosphere is conspicuously absent, partly because university administrations often interpret very narrowly the phrase "turning out respectable citizens," and equally because Canadian students are on the whole by no means a leisure class.

The result has been that the ideal of producing gentlemen has been compromised at every step. A variety of forces have contributed to this result. The demand that the university serve the community, the attempt to play some part in popular education, the restricting effect of stubborn trustees and officials to whom the least radical deviation appears ungentlemanly, the love of alumni for professional sports, the utilitarian standards of the students themselves (sometimes wholesome, sometimes noxious), and the concurrence of a strong popular demand that university education be available to intelligent ability, not the prerogative of wealth, with the absence of an extensive undergraduate scholarship system—all these have combined to render the ideal of producing gentlemen either ineffectual and a stumbling-block to clarity of purpose, or a tyrannical expression of the standards of a wealthy ruling class imposed with deadly effect, especially on the teaching staff.

An interesting illustration of how the ideal has been misapplied, is to be found in the history in Canada of the Rhodes scholarships. Whatever was the intention of

Cecil Rhodes, whether in laying down the conditions of his awards he had in mind the English country gentleman or whether a slavish reliance on Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* led him to desire the propagation of the virtuous man (*i.e.*, the man all of whose capacities are welded into harmonious fitness), at any rate the Canadian committees at once put a straitjacket on the conception. Candidates in the early days stood no chance unless they could show in addition to academic success concrete leadership and athletic stardom. Horace's *aurea mediocritas* consequently displaced Aristotle's golden mean. Happily one by one the provincial committees began to break away from this standardized notion and seek excellence concentrated rather than dispersed. It is likely that the Rhodes scholarships will follow more faithfully Oxford ideals—if the latter have here been analysed correctly. The universities would do well to let the survival of the ideal of the gentleman act not as a restrictive force, but as a drive to achieve a greater love of cultural activity itself, and a free association of students and teachers in the light of whatsoever interests and ideas they choose to espouse. There is much reason to fear that this may not be the course of events, but that, instead, a narrow conception of the ideal will become the weapon of a ruling class on the defensive in a widening social struggle.

It is obvious that the problem extends beyond the university. It becomes, in effect, the question as to what ideals the educational system, from kindergarten up, shall inculcate in the growing child, and it is fast becoming clear that a school system cannot hold to neutrality in a growing conflict. In a paper entitled "Dare the School Build a New Social Order?" Professor Counts of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has suggested that the school frankly recognize that indoctrination cannot be avoided

and proceed to prepare the ground for a vast social change. In this it would abandon the practice of lagging behind and expressing the dominant order, as it clearly does at present. The traditional conception of reason as empty of dogmatism and emotional assertion would militate in the minds of many against this open acceptance of indoctrination. Mr. Counts' strength lies in his forceful exhibition of the actual indoctrinating character of the whole present educational system. Whatever, therefore, one may decide with regard to primary education, it seems that in the university, at least, the traditional ideal of impartiality would best be achieved not by academic aloofness, but by the open clash of reasoned opinion among students and teachers. This indeed proved part of the ideal of turning out "respectable citizens" as we analysed it above. Yet present practice not only checks it among the students, but stamps it out in the faculties. It is not to be expected that the much-discussed "academic freedom" will ever be won without a struggle. Experience in the United States is showing that teachers can best win it by aligning themselves with the forces of organized labour.

III

Preparation for the professions has become a university aim for several reasons. Some professions actually need preparation which is academic and involves intelligent learning and research. Then, the class which attends the university is also that from which professional men are drawn. Again, university authorities like to believe they are serving the community by preparing its professional men and also that higher ideals somehow seep in through the atmosphere in which they are taught. Finally, prestige and pleasure are attached to college life. Why begrudge them to those who will lead in the community?

No very significant general proposition can be asserted concerning the place of professional training in the university. Each profession must be treated separately. Certainly there is no good *a priori* ground for rejecting as part of a university curriculum *any* kind of training, if the function of a university is pre-eminently to mould the character of future citizens. Hence the obvious inconsistency of those who, secure in this ideal, yet feel at peace in denouncing courses in business administration, cattle-raising, stenography, and matrimony. Their justification can lie only in an implied but unexpressed premise that cattle-raising and stenography are not consistent with the conception of a gentleman, that success in business follows from superior natural ability, and success in matrimony from general, not specialized education. Yet if the whole learning of a country, and of every individual within it, is not to be part of a vast university system (and there is no theoretical objection to this), the only solution is to make each profession give special reasons not why it should be accorded the same privilege as every other pursuit, but why it should be given this extraordinary privilege. A trial of this kind soon reveals that in the confusion of motives now prevailing within the university, the presence of a particular assortment of professions has no rational justification, only an historical explanation. And but little reflection will convince one that in the present social system, as in any of limited resources, the sole justification can be the exceptional importance to the community of a certain pursuit. By importance is meant either what is instrumentally of wide consequence or in itself valued by the society.

A rapid survey here will be illustrative, not exhaustive. The place of the faculty of applied science would be assured by the predominance of technology at the core of

our civilization, the close relation of applied science to the discoveries of pure science which open the various fields for practical conquest, and, above all at present, by the growing importance of the engineer in the structure of present society. This is not an appeal to technocracy; but it remains true that the engineers have hitherto as a group possessed little social consciousness in proportion to their actual power, and have allowed themselves to work in isolated disregard of the uses to which their products were put. The function of the university, therefore, in including a faculty of applied science, is to fructify the dependence of applied on pure science, and to equip the engineer with an understanding that may prevent his being a blind tool in his society. The former object is not neglected in Canadian universities (the neglect lies rather in the pursuit of pure science); but for the latter object is too often substituted a prerequisite of one year in Arts and something like an elementary course in economics.

The demands we have made of applied science hold in every respect of medicine and its branches. Here the common prerequisite of a B.A. degree provides better facilities for their satisfaction.

The power of the lawyer in the community, his control of the judicial administration (and very often, since lawyers are much addicted to politics, of the legislative machine as well), makes the study of law pre-eminently at home in the university. The future rulers, as Plato eloquently expounded, must be tried and true. The Canadian university scarcely tries to make them true. Law is taught as a closed system, a technique setting its own standards. No philosophical treatment of the subject, analysing the ends of law and its relation to the other social sciences, and rendering explicit its smuggled ethical notions, seems to be part of the study. So at least the practice of their graduates and the utter lack of any such writings emanating from the Canadian law schools would

lead the observer to believe. Yet without such an approach the study of law has no place in a university. The difficulty is not peculiar to Canada. It is to be found in most of the law schools in the United States, a gloom hitherto made only the darker by the light of a few exceptions, among which the Harvard Law School is the chief. Yet the influence which that school alone from Gray to Pound has had, is a striking premonition of what even one such school in Canada might accomplish. When, as in some Canadian cities, the law school has no connection at all with the university, the latter is spared the criticism we have suggested; but the total situation is no less to be deplored. To take a single example, the University of Toronto has established an honours course in law, where a comprehensive and philosophical study of the subject is attempted; but the Ontario Law School, Osgoode Hall, remains quite separate from the University.

A school of commerce and the teaching of business administration in the university can be justified only within a social system such as ours, in which business has so controlling a position. Here the function of the university is a particularly thankless one, that of imparting social understanding to potential business leaders—on the optimistic assumption, of course, that these men will actually play some role in big business. In the old days of the enlightened self-interest theory, a course in moral philosophy would have been deemed sufficient for the purpose of instilling the milk of human kindness in future employers, who would as a consequence know all their employees by name, ask after their wives and children, and on rare occasions permit a daughter to marry a handsome foreman who settled a strike. But even moral philosophers are beginning to realize that a clash of ultimate values is not a contradiction in terms. Hence the best that a university can do in a school of commerce is to impart sufficient understanding of the social, and espe-

cially the economic mechanism, to enable its graduates to avoid the grosser blunders of short-sightedness.

Journalism might merit a place in the university because of the tremendous influence it has on the people. Here journalistic method is secondary, substance primary. Unfortunately the condition of this pseudo-profession is too chaotic, the interests dominating it too strong, for either the university or the community to gain much by its treatment as a special course of study. If it were as closed a pursuit as teaching is in some places, it would indeed merit careful attention on the part of the university. Here, it is to be noted, the practical status of the profession is all-important. A parallel instance is furnished by the situation in New York where the over-supply of teachers and the practical requirement of college degrees have lent fresh importance to the work of education departments in the colleges.

IV

To foster creative cultural and scientific activity is a double task for the university. It must furnish its faculty with conditions congenial for creation, and at the same time in Socratic fashion play the midwife to those students who have ideas or show the possibility of sometime having them. These tasks are distinct. In Oxford and Cambridge, the length of vacations[1] and their distribution is useful for the first purpose. In the United States it is aided by the awards of the Research Councils, by Guggenheim and Sterling fellowships, and in the great universities by comparatively light teaching schedules. The Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton may prove the first of a series of centres providing leisure for creative spirits.[2] It is to be hoped that others will be readier to

[1]Though differently distributed the long vacation is a benefit shared by the universities of Canada.

[2]On the Institute see the article, by its Director, in the QUARTERLY for January, 1938.

receive younger men who have not yet battled their way to a position of established genius; though at the risk of some waste, it will result in a tremendous saving of valuable energy. Canada is financially less well endowed in these respects, and consequently starts with a greater handicap. Yet it may be the case that the Canadian university has not expended a sufficient proportion of the resources which it has towards facilitating creative research.

Less satisfactory, however, and more culpable has been the attitude of the majority of Canadian and American universities towards developing and deepening the small group of creative cultural and scientific spirits in their student bodies. And yet in this lies the essence of a university; this alone provides a goal differentiating university from other kinds of instruction; only by participating somehow in this purpose, or in being connected with it, do various pursuits win for themselves a place in the university. Phrases scorning "an aristocracy of the intellect" utterly misrepresent the case. An aristocracy which is the flowering of ability is not invidious. No genuine lover of baseball envies Babe Ruth, and no friend of wisdom begrudges favours heaped on Einstein. The vicarious glory derived from Lindbergh's first flight across the Atlantic bore no trace of malice. The upshot is that for better or worse the university stands or falls by the intrinsic value of cultural and scientific activity. If a community cease to maintain this value, its university is a tabernacle from which the gods have departed, and which, now profane, may be used for the lowest secular purposes. Those who did not perceive the spirit take wing, may still continue an idolatrous worship.

Perhaps no university has utterly ceased to pay verbal respect to this goal, however far it has drifted from it. In recent years there has been a certain awakening to the drift in some places. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton now

employ the tutorial system to a great extent; several experimental colleges operate on the principle that some form of almost personal leisurely instruction is indispensable. In Canada, the University of Toronto has best preserved an honours system involving personal contact of student and faculty.

This, the core of a university, is what in Canada has been most endangered. An effective distinction between the earnest and promising students and those pursuing other aims, would entail additional expenditure by the university in an altered system of instruction, and would require a more extensive undergraduate scholarship system. The same division might be made also in each branch of professional training. The ideal would be for the university, having clarified its aims, to admit of differentiation in method. At present we have before us a rather murky solution. If we distilled it, we should find that popular education is the salt which, when it is separated, is an indispensable ingredient in any tasty dish; the professions are the metallic substances from which most useful and beautiful tools may be wrought; but the pure sparkling and life-giving water of cultural activity can best hold them all together—even if it is most refreshing in its isolation.[3]

[3]Since this was written there has appeared President Hutchins' provocative book, *The Higher Learning in America*. It is accordingly necessary to distinguish my views from those he presents, especially on the point where we seem most to agree. I am in entire sympathy with his respect for intellectual values and his desire to have the universities encourage more thinking. I disagree with his assumptions concerning the nature of men and of cultures, and with the kind of university he proposes. It is not by separating itself from the life around it that a university will thrive, but by skilful integration of the traditional and the contemporary, the theoretical and the practical, and by a clear recognition of its role in the community. No doubt different universities in different social situations present different problems. The analysis of Canadian universities in the light of the Canadian social scene is a more extended task than I have here undertaken.

MR. PEPYS GOES TO CHURCH

NEIL G. SMITH

SAMUEL PEPYS attended church fairly regularly between 1660 and 1669, and the *Diary* contains numerous comments on the churches where he worshipped, and the sermons which he heard. His remarks are not only interesting, and often amusing, in themselves, but they serve to reveal how the Church and its clergy at that period impressed an astute man of the world, who was a shrewd and appreciative, and occasionally a harsh, critic.

Relying upon his secret cypher, Pepys was free to write what he pleased, and we have no reason to doubt the honesty and sincerity of the opinions which he expressed. If he wrote in the *Diary* that he had been pleased with a sermon which he had just heard, we may be sure that it really had appealed to him. The very fact that he took the trouble to record his judgments, favourable or unfavourable, is convincing evidence of his interest in the Church and its teaching. Occasionally he has to record that he slept during the sermon, and occasionally he seems to have paid more attention to his own appearance, or to the costumes of his fellow-worshippers, than to the discourse. At Westminster parish church, for instance, he amused himself one Sunday with his "perspective glass," and blandly wrote that he had had "great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women."[1] As a rule, however, he was able to note something more edifying, and his comments reveal that for the most part he paid attention to what was said, and formed his own opinion of its merits.

[1]May 26, 1667.

His most favourable criticism of any of the clergy is that given to the famous Edward Stillingfleet, one of the chaplains of the king, who had acquired an enviable reputation as a preacher and divine. According to Pepys he was considered by some of the Anglican clergy to be "the ablest young man to preach the gospel of any since the Apostles." Pepys went purposely to hear him in April, 1665, and noted that he had delivered "a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned and easy, yet substantial manner that ever I heard in my life."[2] The adjectives are significant. The Restoration reform of letters, with its ideals of simplicity and ease, its value set upon plain and solid thinking, and its reaction against pedantry and affectation, was commencing to influence the pulpit—evidently with the full approval of the Diarist. Another of his favourites was Robert Frampton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. Pepys went to hear him first on October 10, 1666, and remarked that he was "a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue." The crowd was so great that he did not stay to hear the sermon out, but returned to hear him on January 20, 1667. This time he was greatly impressed, and judged the sermon to have been the best "for goodness and oratory without affectation or study" that he had ever heard. "The truth is," he continues, "he preached the most like an apostle that ever I heard man, and it was much the best time that ever I spent in church."

No other clergymen receive quite the extravagant praise that is accorded to Stillingfleet and Frampton, but several are mentioned with real approbation. Pepys was delighted with a sermon which he heard from a Scotsman, who "railed bitterly ever and anon against

[2]April 23, 1665.

John Calvin and his brood, the Presbyterians," and who also "ripped up" Mr. Hugh Peters, to whom he referred as "an execrable skellum."[3] Pepys says of this fiery oration that it was "a most admirable, good, learned, and most severe sermon—yet comical." He was surprised one Sunday to find an old school-fellow, Elborough, whom he labels as a "simple rogue," preaching a good sermon "in as right a parson-like manner" as he had ever heard.[4]

His adverse criticisms are possibly more interesting for us as revealing in greater detail the taste of their author. He noted that he had heard "a poor, lazy sermon"[5] from John Herring; from Mr. Mossum "a sermon too eloquent for the pulpit"[6] (again the significant preference for the simple style); from a Navy chaplain a "sad sermon, full of nonsense and false Latin."[7] He was incensed to hear an Irish divine preach "a tedious, unreasonable and impertinent sermon" from the text "Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in war." A faithful exposition of that text would not be likely to appeal to the taste of an official of the Navy, and we are not surprised to read that Pepys and Sir W. Batten were "very angry with the parson."[8] Sometimes it was the manner or bearing of the preacher which gave offence. The Earl of Carlisle's chaplain is written down as "a vain young fellow in a periwig."[9] At Bath the effect of the service was spoiled for him by the fact that "a vain, pragmatical fellow preached a ridiculous, affected sermon."[10] He had a very poor opinion, too, of a Dr. Lewes who "read his sermon, every word, and that so brokenly and so low that nobody could hear at any distance, nor I anything worth hearing that sat near."[11]

[3]April 3, 1663.
[4]Aug. 5, 1666.
[5]Jan. 22, 1660.
[6]Feb. 19, 1660.
[7]April 27, 1662.
[8]Feb. 17, 1661.
[9]Dec. 23, 1665.
[10]June 14, 1668.
[11]March 1, 1663.

The subjects of the sermons which are noted in the *Diary* may be taken as fair specimens of the spiritual diet of London church-goers in the Restoration period. At St. Margaret's Westminster he heard a young man "play the fool upon the doctrine of purgatory."[12] On July 15, 1666, he wrote: "To church, where our lecturer made a sorry, silly sermon upon the great point of proving the Christian religion." It was exasperating to hear so great a theme treated so inadequately. Dr. Gunning (the probable author of the celebrated *Eikon Basilike*) gave his congregation good authority for believing that Christ followed his father's trade, and was a carpenter till he was thirty years of age.[13] On August 9, 1663, Mr. Mills preached upon the authority of ministers: "Among many other high expressions he said that such a learned man used to say that if a minister of the word and an angel should meet him together, he would salute the minister first, which methought, was a little too high." Dr. Buck of St. Gregory's led his congregation one Sunday into a theological labyrinth from which he could not extricate them, namely, "why God should give means of grace to those people which He knew would not receive them, and deny to others, which He himself confesses, if they had them would have received them, and they would have been effectual too."[14] It is little wonder that Dr. Buck left this question to be answered at another time! Pepys's taste for the practical in sermons is revealed quite clearly in his comment on one by Mr. Gifford, who showed "like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich than sin and villainy." This is noted as "a very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon."[15]

[12]May 13, 1666.
[13]Jan. 8, 1660.
[14]Nov. 10, 1661.
[15]Aug. 23, 1668.

The average worshipper was probably not nearly so critical as Pepys, and doubtless derived much more benefit from the services of the Church than the aspiring clerk of the Navy Office whose ideal of an attractive service was "a good sermon, a fine church, and a great company of handsome women."[16] Pepys's interest in religious questions was not very different from his interest in a newly invented vacuum pump, or in the charming of larks by snakes. He was one of those men whose minds are encyclopaedic in their range, and religion was included as having a place among the many interesting phenomena which came within the field of his observation. Some of the London clergy would have been duly humiliated had they known of the judgment of their sermons passed on to posterity in the *Diary*; a few of them might well have felt flattered that he had paid such attention to what they said. On the whole it may be safely inferred from the *Diary* that the Church at this period was more highly regarded than we sometimes suppose, and that the teaching of its spokesmen was usually listened to with respect and on occasion with the keenest interest.

[16]Jan. 16, 1661.

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1937

Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse

PART II: FRENCH-CANADIAN AND NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS

V. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS — Felix Walter

It is perhaps not inappropriate that a survey of the literature of French Canada during 1937 should make some reference at the outset to the loss which that literature has sustained in the death of Olivar Asselin. He was not only the dean of French-Canadian journalists, a brilliant and incisive writer, a critic of current events equipped with a broad cultural background, he was over and above these things a man of great courage and independence of mind, who was never afraid to defy his own followers and imperil his popularity. The same man who protested Canada's participation in the Boer War, raised a French-Canadian regiment in 1916 and faced a bitterly hostile audience in Montreal to justify his conduct. Asselin was the severest critic of Laurier and of his imperialistic entanglements, but when Laurier died it was Asselin who wrote the finest and fairest tribute to the dead statesman. He was a faithful son of his church, but he chose to suspend the publication of his weekly paper *L'Ordre* rather than give up his fight for a radical reform of education in his native province. It was his last gesture and a characteristic one.

Shortly before his death last April, Asselin selected from the accumulation of a lifetime of active journalism some twenty articles which he was willing to have preserved in volume form. A young friend, Gérard Dagenais, took over the task of editing *Pensée française*, which is the title the collection bears, and he has done his work well. A little later Dr. Joseph Gauvreau, a schoolmate of Asselin's at the seminary at Rimouski, published a short but interesting biography of the late Nationalist leader. The only criticism one can offer of these two books is that they are inadequate. Asselin deserves more than a slender volume of reprints and a fifty-page biography.

With Asselin gone the great Nationalist movement of 1904 passes into history. Of all the paladins of that day only Bourassa survives, and the young French-Canadian Nationalists of to-day have precious little use for Bourassa. Their nationalism, the new nationalism of French Canada, is harsher and cruder, more fanatical and mystical, infinitely narrower and more parochial. Jules Fournier's irony is replaced by the torrential abuse of Valdombre, Armand Lavergne's reasoned eloquence by the tribal incantations of the abbé Groulx. No wonder English Canadians are troubled by the new spirit that is abroad in Quebec, but they are at least partly to blame for its very existence, and it is necessary that they try to understand it, particularly if they wish to grasp the significance of current French-Canadian literature.

At least two outstanding events lent themselves to the new stream and stimulated literary efforts which will be examined later in this survey. These were the second Congrès de la Langue française, held in Quebec City last June (the first Congrès took place in 1912), and the centenary of the Rebellion of 1837.

What has been the effect of all this stir and political ferment on the so-called *belles-lettres?* As in 1936, there has been a slackening of production in this field, and French-Canadian critics themselves are beginning to express concern. Says François Hertel in "La Crise des créateurs, ou la Trahison de nos clercs" (*Le Mauricien*, oct.): "Ces dernières années, la littérature canadienne-française, déjà si pauvre, accuse un recul alarmant. Nos écrivains se détournent de la création pour se perdre dans l'action ou l'enseignement . . . pourtant une littérature digne de ce nom est avant tout une littérature d'imagination, une littérature créatrice. Seule vit et survit la littérature pure." Then the critic goes on to point out that poetry, novel, and drama should try to make use of the new political and racial ideals as the stuff of inspiration and thus awake to a new life. Both M Hertel's fears and his hopes have been realized in part in the year that has just gone by. His *littérature pure* is still at a low ebb; on the other hand, there are many signs of the penetration of the new ideology into this preserve. There is some nationalist poetry; there are some nationalist novels and some nationalist plays. Whether they are the better for the transfusion is another question altogether. In any case French-Canadian letters are very far from moribund. Only in the novel and in scholarship do English Canadians continue to lead the way. In

every other genre—at least that is the opinion of this reviewer—French Canadians hold their own, and in some, such as the political essay and the higher branches of journalism in general, they leave us far behind.

The poetry of 1937 is a case in point. No national poetry which can produce one good new poet a year can be in a very precarious state. Last year the exciting discovery was Roger Brien; this year it is St-Denys-Garneau and his *Regards et jeux dans l'espace*. Great-grandson of F.-X. Garneau the historian, and grandson of Alfred Garneau the poet, St-Denys-Garneau was born into an exacting family tradition, but his first volume is entirely worthy of it. It is as much a pioneer work as was great-grandfather Garneau's *Histoire du Canada*, inasmuch as it is the first collection of French-Canadian poetry to make full and unashamed use of free verse rhythms and techniques. It was about time. French free verse is over fifty years old, and yet for decades French-Canadian poets, even the youngest and best of them, have been shuffling along on Hugolian alexandrines with occasional cautious innovations borrowed from the early Symbolists. St-Denys-Garneau discards unnecessary punctuation and steps boldly out into modern practices that range from the models of Henri de Régnier and Verhaeren to those of Cocteau. His mood is best interpreted by the seven lines he prints on the title-page:

> Je ne suis pas bien du tout assis sur cette chaise
> Et mon pire malaise est un fauteuil où l'on reste
> Immanquablement je m'endors et j'y meurs.
> Mais laissez-moi traverser le torrent sur les roches
> Par bonds quitter cette chose pour celle-là
> Je trouve l'équilibre impondérable entre les deux
> C'est là sans appui que je me repose.

He excels particularly in the psychic acrobatic of this kind and in the very short poem in which his fantasy is not strained to the point of easy exhaustion. Indeed, in general his form is too fragile for longer flights. *L'Aquarelle* furnishes a good example of his happiest vein:

> Est-il rien de meilleur pour vous chanter
> les champs
> Et vous les arbres transparents
> Les feuilles
> Et pour ne pas cacher la moindre des lumières
> Que l'aquarelle cette claire
> Claire tulle ce voile clair sur le papier.

There is one other volume of verse in the whole year's output: it is *Je me souviens*, a collection of patriotic rhymes by Dr. Georges-A. Boucher, a physician who practises in New England. But much excellent verse has found its way during the year into the half-dozen best literary periodicals of French Canada. Last year's sensation, Roger Brien, now on a visit to France, has some excellent poems in the inaugural number of *Les Œuvres d'aujourd'hui*. "Ode à Pirandello" shows that M Brien still has the distinct gift for intense, compressed, passionate utterance and for the vision on the apocalyptic scale. "La Bouée à la cloche" by Robert Choquette, published in *Le Mauricien* (déc.), is presumably a foretaste of his ambitious *Suite maritime*, which (his admirers hope) will appear during the current year. If the whole is as fine as this extract, 1938 will not be a lost year for French-Canadian poetry either. Special mention should also be made of some of the poems which have appeared in the Franciscan journal, *Les Cahiers*, where Fr. Valère Massicotte, Fr. Léandre Poirier, and others use modern techniques for religious subjects. The veteran Albert Ferland published again this year a suite of poems called "Au Fil du rêve" in the *Mémoires de la Société royale du Canada*.

It is not hard to select the most distinguished novel of the year; the real difficulty is to decide whether Félix-Antoine Savard's *Menaud, maître-draveur* should properly be classified under poetry or prose fiction. Is it an epic written in poetic prose? Is it a novel which aims to create characters and present them in an approximately probable circle of action? Is it just a very superior nationalist tract, a Canadian version of the *roman de l'énergie nationale* by Hémon out of Barrès? Certainly the book has aroused interest, probably more than any other which has appeared during the past decade, and however much one may question its exact status or the efficacy of its symbolism, here indeed is a piece of distinguished writing. The text of this sermon in prose-poetry is taken from *Maria Chapdelaine*: "Nous sommes venus il y a trois cents ans et nous sommes restés.... Autour de nous des étrangers sont venus qu'il nous plaît d'appeler des barbares! ils ont pris presque tout le pouvoir! ils ont acquis presque tout l'argent. ..." This passage and others like it are read to old Menaud, the logging foreman, by Marie his daughter. He mulls them over in his mind, recites them to his men and becomes imbued with a fanatical hatred of the "foreigners," going so far as to banish one of Marie's

suitors because he has unspecified dealings with these "barbarians." Menaud's son slips through the logs and is drowned, and from this point on Menaud, from a credible if slightly quixotic human being, changes to the purely symbolic representation of a fixed idea, and goes reeling through the familiar Hémon *décor* of the four seasons, the blueberry-picking and the blizzard, with a forest-fire thrown in for good measure. He dies a raving lunatic, which is somewhat upsetting to the symbolism, though in the very last sentence the abbé Savard makes a desperate attempt to regain control over his runaway vehicle. "C'est pas une folie comme une autre," remarks a character hopefully, "Ça me dit, à moi, que c'est un *avertissement*." But merely to strip *Menaud* to its somewhat rickety scaffolding is not to do this really eminent failure anything like justice, for when one has pointed out the somewhat obvious defects, one has still said nothing of the powerfully sustained beauty of the writing, which, though lyrical to a degree, is poles away from the treacly mock-Chateaubriand which so many French-Canadian prose-writers serve up to their readers. The passage describing the last phase of Menaud's search for the body of his son must stand as a sample of the rest:

> Déjà, déjà, le soir fossoyeur commençait à jeter des pelletées d'ombre.
>
> Il entra dans une terreur d'agonie, regardant le ciel, à genoux maintenant, suppliant qu'il eût, au moins, le cadavre de son fils pour l'enterrer là-bas, près de sa mère, sous le bouleau dont l'écorce fait un bruit de prière à la brise.
>
> A la fin, la nuit allait lever son dernier pan de ténèbres et murer le désespoir de l'homme lorsqu'il sentit au fond quelque chose de mou qui venait. . . .

Other novels of the year can be disposed of in shorter order. *Peter McLeod*, by Damase Potvin, is a racy, readable tale of lumbermen, trappers, and early settlers in the Chicoutimi region in the eighteen-forties. The author is a veteran novelist and has a particularly happy knack of writing lively and colourful dialogue. All the other novels of the year employ an urban setting, which is a pleasing change from a surfeit of the "homespun" cycle. Michelle Le Normand, the wife of the novelist Léo-Paul Desrosiers, leads the field with *La plus belle Chose du monde*, a delicate study of the young convent-bred Montreal *bourgeoise*. When he had finished the novel, this reviewer could not help comparing it with Pierre Dupuy's *André Laurence, canadien-français*, which some years ago analysed the feelings and aspirations of a young Montreal intellectual. Monique, Lucette, Nicole, and Claire are not really intellectuals,

though they attend lectures at the University of Montreal and can discuss *Point Counter Point* with a minimum of prudish affectation, but they might be André's sisters; they spring from the same environment and they help to complete the picture begun by the earlier novel. The lives these girls lead are deliberately subdued and limited, but are none the less typical for all that. Their horizon is bounded by the convent-school, tea at Kerhulu's, sheltered summers at Gaspé or in the Laurentians, concerts and movies, husbands and children for two of them, the habit of a Carmelite nun for a third, a blue-stockinged independence for the fourth. It is their charming friendship which is the answer to the implied riddle of the title. Adrienne Maillet with her *Peuvent-elles garder un secret?* also takes her readers into an urban middle-class world largely populated by women, and how they talk! The novel is by no means a negligible performance; but it is a little long-drawn-out, and provoked unintentional mirth in at least one reader by the fact that all the numerous characters bear Province of Quebec place-names, such as Mme L'Islet, Mlle Verchères, and even M Chicoutimi. It gives the story a droll, pseudo-feudal air. Although not a "nationalist" novel, *Peuvent-elles garder un secret?* cannot escape the current contagion, as the following isolated specimen will show. A group of young people are chatting about nothing in particular outside the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay. "N'en doutez-pas," says one, "un jeune homme a plus de facilité qu'une jeune fille d'être admis dans cette coterie de pimbêches, parce qu'il fait partie de la minorité." "A la bonne heure!" exclaims someone else, "Ces demoiselles sont plus équitables envers les minorités que certaines provinces de notre pays. Quel est le but de la promenade?" This is nationalism *un peu tiré par les cheveux*, as the French would say. Lucie Clément's novel *Seuls* seems to be composed of two novelettes placed end to end, the first an interesting and quite sophisticated study of a deserted wife, the second a cloudy account of the runaway, an Italian who pays for his sins by dying an edifying death while engaged in Signor Mussolini's crusade to free the Abyssinians. The quite praiseworthy sophistication of the first part occasionally gets out of control and overflows into the style with alarming results such as this:

"Les années qui se dévideront désormais ne recèlent aucun mystère, nul secret, car de mes propres mains, j'en ai tissé la trame. De nebuleuses et

féeriques qu'elles me semblaient, vues à travers le prisme d'une confiance juvénile, elles me paraissent maintenant mornes et sans appât. Mon esprit se refuse à la supputation futile de ce que les mois subséquents renfermeront d'imprévu. J'écris depuis une heure et mes doigts se raidissent sur le stylo."

No wonder!

The other novels of the year, *A Deux* by Laetitia Filion, *L'Amour trompé* by René d'Arcy (Angeline M. Roy), *Marie-Jeanne* by Laure Berthiaume-Denault, are also novelettes spun out unduly by authors who have not yet found their feet. Clément Marchand, one of the young editors of *Le Mauricien*, has published an amusing and pungent collection of prose sketches in *Les Œuvres d'aujourd'hui* under the title of "Courriers des villages." It reads like Adjutor Rivard brought up to date, with the village bootlegger, the unemployed farm-labourer, and other contemporary types added to the familiar gallery. A fellow-editor, Jean-Charles Harvey of *Le Jour*, also contributed specimens of his prose-fiction in his miscellaneous volume *Art et combat*. The most interesting extract is the first chapter of a forthcoming novel, *Les Affamés*, which gives promise of a new and welcome realism.

1937 saw the publication of one good French-Canadian play in a modern setting. This is news, and its author, Yvette O. Mercier-Gouin, is to be congratulated. "Le jeune Dieu," published in *Les Œuvres d'aujourd'hui*, is a frank and entirely credible presentation of the problem of the transatlantic marriage, the union of a well-to-do young French-Canadian girl to a young French nobleman encumbered with family taboos and a despotic mother. Mme Mercier-Gouin has had a good deal of practical experience with the Montreal Repertory Theatre and other amateur ventures, and is consequently able to blend distinguished style and a mastery of technical details to produce a really good piece of theatre. The other specimens of drama are all in the traditional lyric-historical vein. *Dollard* by Adéodat Lavoie chronicles the life and death of the hero of the Long-Sault in five acts in verse. The ghost of Rostand broods constantly over the enterprise and there is a generous measure of *panache*, but it is doubtful whether the author of *Cyrano* would have dared to rhyme "Saint-Esprit" with "Ainsi soit-il"! *Le Drapeau de Carillon*, by Père Gustave Lamarche, and *Hommage à la langue française*, by Père Laurent Tremblay, are really choral recitatives suitable for presentation at pageants. Both are admirably designed to work the spectator up to a generous

glow of patriotic frenzy, the latter play by its stage-directions alone, for in one tableau they proceed from *fort* through *crescendo*, *très fort*, *formidable*, *plus formidable*, *archi-formidable*, *terrible*, *plus terrible*, *encore plus terrible* to a "Nous voulons NOTRE LANGUE" in *archi-terrible*.

Marius Barbeau contributes two notable pieces of scholarship to the year's output. No man in all Canada is so erudite a master of folk-lore and national arts and crafts, and few scholars in any field in this country are so tireless in their research or so entertaining when they come to set their findings down on paper. *Romancero du Canada* is a volume containing fifty selected French-Canadian folk-songs with the musical score, a discussion of variants and origin, and full accounts of present geographical distribution. Mme Béclard d'Harcourt of Paris provides an expert musicological commentary. This is a fine start, but it is only a start. M Barbeau has in his active lifetime collected seven thousand texts of Canadian folk-songs and over four thousand gramophone recordings. The publication of these texts at the expense of the federal government seems an obvious national duty, but one can have little hope that the responsible authorities will see the matter in that light, and the burden seems too vast and unprofitable for any private publisher. M Barbeau's other book, *Québec où survit l'ancienne France*, may be familiar to some readers in its English version. It is a collection of some of the author's recent articles on subjects such as old French-Canadian gold- and silver-smiths, winter sports at Quebec in the days of Krieghoff the artist, the Lorette legend of the Grand Serpent, and the book is generously illustrated.

Pamphile LeMay, the leading sonnetteer among the French-Canadian poets of the late nineteenth century, was born in 1837. To honour the centenary of his birth, his son has issued a handsome memorial volume of *Les Gouttelettes*, including, for the first time, revisions in the text made by the poet himself shortly before his death in 1918. It is a well-printed and scholarly tribute and includes illustrations by the poet's grandson, Paul Richard.

Le Roman canadien-français by the abbé Albert Dandurand is an important contribution to the history of the national literature. It is particularly valuable as a guide to the very early novel which began to take shape in French Canada about a century ago, and, in this respect, is a work comparable in value to Professor Buisson's treatise on early French-Canadian poetry. Like the scholar from

the Channel Islands who shed so much light on the connection between early French-Canadian poetry and that of the French Romantics, the abbé Dandurand is quite at home in both the French and the English literature of his period, and is able in consequence to apply the comparative method, a very necessary procedure when dealing with the colonial period of our literature. His chapters on the novel since the turn of the century are less satisfactory and the student will regret the absence of both an index and a bibliography. Do French-Canadian scholars feel that these disfiguring but essential appendages are an unworthy concession to "foreign" fashions?

Much interesting literary criticism has appeared during the year, though a good deal of it is scattered through the pages of the numerous reviews which thrive so lustily on Quebec soil. Rex Desmarchais in his essays, "Tentatives," which appeared in *Les Œuvres d'aujourd'hui*, has some pretty straightforward remarks to make on the state of the novel and on the persistence of the genteel tradition which prevents so many present-day novelists in Quebec from coming to grips with reality. He has precious little patience with the writers who paint all French Canadians as a race of heroes and martyrs exempt from original sin, and remarks in the chapter entitled "Pour un roman franco-canadien:"

> Je soutiendrai—dussé-je encourir les plus redoutables foudres—qu'un Franco-canadien qui habite Montréal, Sainte-Emélie ou le rang numéro 11 de Sainte-Véronique de la Précieuse Face, il n'importe, je soutiendrai, dis-je, qu'il peut convoiter le champ, la fortune, la situation ou la femme de son voisin et même qu'il peut les lui ravir, si Franco-canadien soit-il. J'affirme encore qu'il peut rester froid au sublime des cirques patriotiques et ne pas croire à l'assomption de Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Bref, je prétendrai qu'il y a parmi nous de fort vilains messieurs.

Maurice Hébert, who, in this reviewer's opinion, is the most painstaking and the most penetrating of practising French-Canadian critics, has unfortunately published no volume of criticism during 1937, but several articles of his have appeared in *Le Canada Français;* the most notable of these is a witty history of French-Canadian criticism done in dialogue form. Berthelot Brunet in "Les Lettres catholiques: une renaissance? une réforme?", which appeared in successive numbers of the *Revue Dominicaine*, calls the attention of his compatriots to some of the more vital Catholic writers of present-day France (Mauriac, Bernanos, *etc.*) and wonders aloud in print when people will stop being hypnotized by the largely

moribund novels of the three B's (Bourget, Bazin, Bordeaux).

The usual plethora of political books has rained down on the defenceless heads of the French Canadians during 1937, and, as in the previous year, the greater part of this literature is concerned with spreading the gospel of nationalism. It was suggested at the beginning of this survey that the Congrès de la langue française served to conjure up a certain nationalist effervescence in June of last year, and the central incident of that Congress was undoubtedly the oration delivered by the abbé Groulx, *L'Histoire, gardienne des traditions vivantes*, reprinted in a volume called *Directives*, which contains a number of similar addresses, all repeating over and over again certain simple ideas, but dressing them in a perfect lava-flow of eloquence. It was in the speech at the Congress, delivered in the presence of the Governor-General, some rather startled delegates from France, Louisiana, and Haiti, and a cheering crowd of his followers, that the abbé Groulx affirmed his belief in the advent of a French state in Canada, whether within or without the framework of the Dominion he did not specify. The final periods of that oration give a feeble idea of its stormy eloquence:

> Parce qu'il y a Dieu, parce qu'il y a notre histoire, parce qu'il y a la jeunesse, j'espère. J'espère avec tous les ancêtres qui ont espéré; j'espère avec tous les espérants d'aujourd'hui; j'espère par-dessus mon temps, par-dessus tous les découragés. Qu'on le veuille ou qu'on ne le veuille pas, notre Etat français, nous l'aurons; nous l'aurons jeune, fort, rayonnant et beau, foyer spirituel, pôle dynamique pour toute l'Amérique française. Nous aurons aussi un pays français, un pays qui portera son âme dans son visage. Les snobs, les bonne-ententistes, les défaitistes, peuvent nous crier, tant qu'ils voudront: "Vous êtes la dernière génération de Canadiens-français. . . ." Je leur réponds avec toute la jeunesse: "Nous sommes la génération des vivants. Vous êtes la dernière génération des morts."

Very shortly afterwards another French Canadian, Mgr Yelle, Archbishop-Coadjutor of Saint-Boniface, made a sharp attack on separatism in the name of all French Canadians living beyond the borders of Quebec and by his speech started a powerful current which—it is an open secret—sent influential forces against the movement. Since then others have rallied to the support of the thesis that French Canadians have a right to feel themselves at home anywhere in Canada and that a national state would amount to an abdication of their heritage. Professor Georges Simard of the University of Ottawa in his *Principes et faits en histoire; Etat idéal et état canadien* has given the calmest and most cogent exposition

of these counter-arguments. Mgr Yelle's speech, *La Situation des Manitobains de langue française*, has also been published in pamphlet form. Possibly because of the cold shoulder turned towards separatism in the latter part of the year one encounters fewer works preaching this doctrine. Dostaler O'Leary's *Séparatisme, doctrine constructeur* is an exception. This gentleman with the somewhat un-latin name is the apostle of latin culture on this continent. In his book he gives complete blue-prints for the setting up of an independent, French, Catholic, corporative state in Quebec, in which Signor Mussolini will be the tutelary deity, English Canadians will be generously allowed to conserve their rights, and Jews will be "tolerated," though forced to undergo professional restrictions. The reader will admire Mr. O'Leary's fine flow of vituperation and his eye may then stray to the handsome cover of the book which displays a map of the world in red (is the colour an oversight?) and an arrow which runs straight from Athens, through Rome and Paris to the "Etat libre canadien-français" crouching in splendid isolation on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Whoever drew that map cannot have read Victor Barbeau's *Pour nous grandir*. M Victor Barbeau does not regard his fellow-countrymen in their present state as the heirs of Greece and Rome, though he too has hopes for the future. He makes it his duty to arouse his compatriots by an unbelievably vigorous tongue-lashing, and English Canadians may well envy French Canadians such a fearless self-critic. More concerned with the spiritual factors of nationalism, he is particularly worth reading when he writes on education in Quebec, a subject which he knows inside out. After all this stormy water it is restful to sail into the haven of Professor Edouard Montpetit's annual volume of essays, *D'Azur à trois lys d'or*. Most of these essays were delivered as addresses to English-Canadian audiences and represent earnest attempts to explain the French-Canadian situation and point of view.

Is there a factor common to these and other nationalist preachments? There is, and it is a disquieting one. At the very moment when English Canadians—some English Canadians—are making an effort to understand French Canada and her problems, a large section of French-Canadian youth has slammed the door shut. The very expression *Bonne Entente* is used as a term of derision in these books. M Montpetit is an exception, but even he can write

with complacency, "Je ne sais pas à quel point on pousse l'enseignement du français dans les universités anglaises du Canada, quoique je n'ignore pas que l'on s'y intéresse." It would not be difficult to find out, and the answer might make him feel less satisfied on the score of English teaching in French-Canadian universities. The French-Canadian nationalists have probed and set forth their grievances with clarity and force; they have charted their course and described their goal. Is it too much to ask that before they push off, they follow their ancestors on one last voyage of discovery across the Ottawa to make the acquaintance of English-speaking Canada? There is not a trace in any of their works that they have the faintest conception of what an English Canadian is, or how he thinks, feels, and acts.

Mention was made at the beginning of this survey of the importance of the centenary of 1837 as a stimulus for much of the publication of last year. There is a mass of literature, particularly in the form of monographs, discussing the Rebellion from every conceivable angle, but this reviewer has come across only one full-length work which seems to him to merit special analysis. That is *L'Accalmie*, a study of Lord Durham, of his five months in Canada between the outbreaks of armed resistance, and of the background and implications of the historic *Report*. The author, Léo-Paul Desrosiers, is well known to students of the French-Canadian novel, but this is his first venture into history. He has produced an admirably written and extremely sympathetic study of the young proconsul. No French Canadian, of course, could be expected to condone the petulant peer's wrong-headed remarks on the "people without a history" or his recommendation that the Lower Province be forcibly anglicized, but M Desrosiers is outspoken in his praise of the speed and thoroughness with which the governor got to the root of existing abuses. As 1838 was also a year of rebellion, other and important works will doubtless be published during the current year, or do some French Canadians, like some English-Canadian descendants of the rebels, feel that the event is not "respectable" and the less said about the centenary the better?

1937 was also the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the death of the great explorer Cavelier de La Salle. A French-Canadian delegation went on a goodwill mission to the Gulf of Mexico, and various members of the party have chronicled their impressions. La Salle's admirer, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, re-

ceived the homage of two studies during the year, one a scholarly biography by the late Father Louis Le Jeune of the University of Ottawa, the other, *La grande Aventure de Le Moyne d'Iberville*, a fictionalized biography by Pierre Daviault.

There remains to discuss a certain number of miscellaneous works of general interest. *Légendes et récits de la côte nord du Saint-Laurent* is in reality an autobiography and a very charming and unpretentious one. For nearly three-quarters of a century a Fafard has kept the light at Point des Monts on the north shore of the river three hundred miles below Quebec. Mme Fafard Lacasse spent eighteen years of her youth in the lighthouse, when her father was keeper from 1872 to 1890. In those days it was not unusual for the crew of sailing-ships caught in early winter ice to put up in the lighthouse until spring, and Mme Fafard Lacasse has plenty of amusing incidents to record and seems to have left her five-storeyed tower with considerable regret.

Eugène Lapierre, director of the conservatory at the University of Montreal, and an organist of some repute, has published a definitive biography of Calixa Lavallée, best known to Canadians as the man who composed the music for *O Canada*. This "musicien national du Canada," as his biographer calls him, had an eventful career which included active service in a Rhode Island regiment during the Civil War and long exasperating years trying to wake up some semblance of an appreciation for music in the hopelessly philistine Montreal of the seventies and eighties.

A distinguished Canadian scholar of the old school, Léon Gérin, is the author of an interesting sociological study, *Le Type économique et social des Canadiens: Milieu agricole et tradition française*. M Gérin has been studying *habitant* civilization for fifty years and is thus able, from his own observations, to classify changes that have taken place during that time, particularly in the structure of family and parochial life. He selects from his case reports five typical families in five distinct sections of the province. Like his father, the poet and novelist Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, M Gérin is primarily interested in the pioneer type, and like the creator of Jean Rivard he has the rare knack of imparting economic information with the charm more usually encountered in a novelist.

Jean Narrache (M Emile Coderre), the author of *Histoires du Canada*, has produced under this innocent and misleading title a French-Canadian approximation of *1066 and All That*. Though

perhaps less complete than the English classic, it is much more disrespectful towards the established verities. Jean Narrache is really a very ill-mannered person who is prepared to think and say the worst, in racy "Montréalais" dialect, of city councillors, professors at the University of Montreal, and particularly of professional patriots, whom he cannot abide. He is a lonely but welcome figure in French-Canadian letters in 1937.

There was no great output of children's books in the past year, and those which did appear were singularly unattractive in printing and general make-up. A brownish, grease-absorbing paper admirably designed for wrapping up five cents' worth of fried potatoes is hardly ever the most suitable newsprint for a book, though far too many French-Canadian publishers have not yet recognized that fact. Marie-Rose Turcot and Marjolaine each have one slender volume of fairy-stories, *Au Pays des géants et des fées* and *Roselle et sa marraine*. Father A. Saint-Pierre has a boy-scout novel called *Pointe au chêne*, and Adolphe Nantel revised *A la hache*, his excellent lumberjack novel *ad usum delphini*. The new and expurgated volume, one of the worst offenders in respect of its paper, is called *Au Pays des bûcherons* and manages to retain a good deal of the liveliness of the red-blooded original.

Fr. Léandre Poirier, the author of a lengthy and helpful review of "Letters in Canada," which appeared in the October number of *Nos Cahiers*, suggested that it would be well if this French-Canadian survey included some account of the year's activity in the field of periodical literature. Probably in no other department is French-Canadian superiority so marked, and the duty imposed by Fr. Poirier's excellent suggestion has been a pleasant one.

The place of honour in any such subsidiary review goes without dispute to *Clarté*, the Popular Front weekly which was the first victim of the Padlock Law. This gallant little paper was badly printed and sometimes hastily written, but it supported unpopular causes with a dignity and an authority too often lacking among its adversaries. A free press proved a useful weapon in the hands of French Canadians struggling for survival, and it is a pity that this historic fact has been so readily forgotten.

The gap left by *Clarté* has been partly filled by Jean-Charles Harvey's weekly, *Le Jour*, which, without having any political affiliations, is liberal in the accepted sense of the word. Gathering around him a number of Olivar Asselin's former associates, M

Harvey has succeeded in launching a vigorous and readable paper which is widely read and solidly backed. M Harvey's own stature as a journalist increases from week to week, and as he has himself suffered bitter persecution for his published views in the past, he can be counted on to fight a last-ditch battle for the essential liberties.

Les Pamphlets de Valdombre comprise perhaps the most unique journalistic enterprise in all Canada. Once a month the author-editor, Claude-Henri Grignon the novelist, publishes a magazine of forty-eight pages in pamphlet form, complete with articles, criticism, epigrams, editorials, exhortations to his subscribers, blasts, and counterblasts. It is a one-man periodical and flourishes without a single advertisement. Valdombre's heroes are Léon Bloy and Léon Daudet, so it is not surprising that he uses a violent, hectoring style—"le derviche hurleur de notre critique," M Hébert calls him; but his ideas, or most of them, are his own, and he deserves respect as a vigorous intelligence and a new and vitalizing force in the journalism of his native province. He is most persuasive when he is pleading the cause of the peasants, whom he knows and understands, most amusing when he inveighs against his favourite hates: Mlle Idola St.-Jean (and all feminists), M Louvigny de Montigny's beard, Professor Jean Bruchési ("un fruit sec"), French-Canadian literature (the epithet he applies most frequently to this topic could not be printed in these columns), and particularly English Canadians and their journalism. Attacking an innocent if somewhat witless article on skiing in the Laurentians, which appeared in *Saturday Night*, Valdombre apologizes thus to his readers for inflicting a quotation upon them: "... je ne perdrai pas mon temps parce que je respecte trop mes lecteurs, à citer des journalistes anglais du Canada qui écrivent simplement avec un balai, trempé dans le *sink* où se lavent depuis toujours des troupeaux de *nurses*, de *milkmen* et de *waiters*." Few English Canadians would phrase it in quite that way, however much they might be tempted to agree with the sentiments.

Two other periodical ventures which came to the fore in 1937 conclude the survey. The first of these is *Les Œuvres d'aujourd'hui*, a quarterly volume published in book-form and containing poetry, fiction, and criticism somewhat after the model of *Les Œuvres libres* in France. Only one volume appeared in 1937, but, if its very high standard is maintained, the new venture may render an important

service to French-Canadian letters. *Le Mauricien* is a more orthodox publication, a monthly magazine with short stories, poems, articles, and excellent illustrations, devoted mainly but by no means exclusively to the valley of the St. Maurice and the Three Rivers district. Its young editors have shown that there is still room in a highly competitive field for a "popular" magazine that does not insult its readers' intelligence (even the intelligence of its intelligent readers). And its appearance is yet another indication of the growing importance of Three Rivers as a cultural centre. M Duplessis is not that city's only gift to French Canada. For the last few years an increasing number of publications of every kind have had their origin there. Three Rivers has been particularly active in fostering a distinctive regionalist literature and in chronicling the past glories of La Mauricie. Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa had better look to their laurels.

VI. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS

WATSON KIRKCONNELL

Side by side with literatures in English and French, there have grown up in Canada during the last fifty years at least a dozen lesser literatures in such languages as Icelandic, German, and Ukrainian. Their chief medium of publication has been the vernacular press. Since the utter inadequacy of six million Anglo-Canadians to support native book-publication in English is so widely admitted, it is easy to envisage the plight of, for example, the Icelandic-Canadian author, when there are only twenty thousand Icelanders in all Canada as a prospective market for his work. The average financial status of the "New-Canadian," moreover, because he is closer to the pioneer stage, is much lower than that of the average Anglo-Canadian; and there are no book-publishers in Canada in his own language to further the publication of his books. For all these reasons, while the literary activity of many of these newer groups has been prodigious in extent and often authentic in value, the vast bulk of it has appeared only in foreign-language weeklies and annuals. As a result, newspapers like *Heimskringla* and *Lögberg* of Winnipeg possess a quality in the field of *belles-lettres* that is rarely approached by our Anglo-Canadian newspapers. Book-publication is usually an accidental job-print venture at the author's expense, and has become relatively rarer in the lean financial years since 1929.

Among the poets who have achieved such book-publication during the past three years, the Rev. Ivan Kmeta of Saskatoon stands easily first with his *Lyra Emigranta*, a collection of two hundred and forty-three Ukrainian lyrics, sonnets, and elegies, reflecting his experiences both in the Ukraine and in Canada. To an extent rarely approached by other Ukrainian-Canadians, he combines fecundity of inspiration with an artistic consciousness of the resources of language. While his predominant theme is religious faith suffused with evangelical emotion, his religious poems are not hymns but rather lyrics of religious experience. In other words, he is closer to Christina Rossetti than to Isaac Watts. A typical sonnet, "The Lily of Sharon," may be rendered thus:

> I am a wise white Lily of the Valley,
> Fronting the world each day with prophet eyes,
> Bathing in silver dews and azure skies,—
> For you I bloom and with me you may dally.
> The stream of Time roars by hysterically;
> My quiet Sharon weaves you tapestries
> Of roses, ev'n for those who agonize
> By day and night, and grieving, cannot rally.
>
> I am a Lily and a Rose of Sharon,
> Living for you: and would you wholly perish?
> Pluck me, and in your hand, a rod of Aaron,
> I shall work miracles, your soul to cherish.
> I am your Saviour: let my love be law,
> Whether in Sharon or Siberia!

Much more positively in the tradition of Christian hymnody are the two solid volumes of religious verse, *Im Dienste des Meisters*, published in German by the Rev. Isaac P. Friesen of Rosthern. In a large number of Mr. Friesen's hymns, there is a heavy preponderance of piety over literary value, but many of them display unusual vigour of a homely sort. Thus, in a poem called "Mit dem Strom," he begins a plea for spiritual strength and resolution in the following terms:

> Es ist so leicht, im Strom zu treiben,
> Wo alles leichthin talwärts zieht;
> Da braucht nur alles ruhig bleiben,
> Und selbst ein toter Fisch treibt mit.

This quality of simple forcefulness, reminding one a little of Luther's earthy vigour, saves Mr. Friesen's hymns from many of the worst faults of the type. Some of them are eminently singable, and their

devout spirit ought to commend them highly to German-speaking communities in this country.

Purely secular in its inspiration is Páll S. Pálsson's *Norður-Reykir*, the one volume of Icelandic poetry in the period under review. While Mr. Pálsson has been a frequent contributor, chiefly in a vein of felicitous light verse, to Icelandic periodicals and public gatherings, the present volume is serious in tone, with sombre themes of night and autumn predominating. The Canadian scene and his thirty-seven years of Canadian experience are reflected in his work much less than one might have expected; and such a vivid poem as his "Holskeflan" ("Heavy Sea") manifestly has Iceland as its background. In spite of occasional lapses in technique and a frequent lack of singing quality, the general level of his craftsmanship is high. A typical poem, "Haust" ("Autumn")—a more or less successful venture in rhymed sapphics—may be rendered thus (without the rhymes):

Autumn's come, and yonder the naked oak-trees,
Turning pale, lie cold on the mountain's bosom.
Summer, long since, passing with farewell kisses,
Left the earth pallid.

Stormy skies breathe chill from the northern vastness;
Sadly sighs the field in its shroud of autumn;
Dying roses weep in the dying garden;
Gray grow the marshlands.

Tiny butterflies from the sight are vanished;
Summer's purple skies into grey have faded;
Grey-haired dandelions by road-sides loiter;
Bent-grasses sigh there.

Silent birds are turning to warmer regions;
Icy waves in shuddering grief sweep shoreward—
Sweep and weakly break on the frosty shingle:
Death stills their tumult.

Autumn twilight broods over hill and valley;
Through the deathly chill of impending winter
Thrusts an icy hand at the heart, lest springtime
Fail us forever.

The torrent of miscellaneous verse in periodicals has been flowing deep and strong. Guttormur J. Guttormsson, the chief living Icelandic-Canadian poet, has maintained his own high standard in "Svanurinn" ("The Swan") in *Óðinn*, and in "Gullkálfurinn" ("The Golden Calf") in *Iðunn*. Einar Páll Jónsson, perhaps the finest craftsman in the pure lyric, has not been silent; while Jakobina

Johnson, Richard Beck, Hjálmar Gíslason, Gísli Johnson, Jón Kernested, Sveinn E. Björnson, Magnús Markússon, Jóhannes Húnfjörð, B. J. Hornfjörð, and many others, have also been prolific in their Icelandic output. Among the Ukrainian poets, Honoré Ewach, Elias Kiriak, Ivan Danylchuk, Wasyl Tulewitrow, and the Kupchenko brothers, Victor and Volodymyr, deserve special mention.

Creative work in fiction seems much rarer than that in poetry among the New-Canadians. Honoré Ewach's *Holos Zemli*, with its background of the bush country north-west of Dauphin, Manitoba, develops in a Canadian setting the Slav's deep-rooted passion for the soil. Although slighter than Laura Salverson's *Viking Heart* and less artistic than Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine*, it shares with those two fine novels in the revelation of the inner life of the pioneer in Canada. The joys and sorrows of the Klym family, the loss of young Marko (who serves in the C.E.F.), and the deep, enduring life of the soil—these are all quietly and effectively portrayed. The book is particularly significant as a sign that Ukrainians in Canada are ceasing to be obsessed with East-European politics and are becoming aware of the hitherto largely inarticulate drama of their settlement in this land. Pre-occupation with Europe is still evident, however, in Alexander Luhowy's *W kohtiat dvoholovoho Orla*, in Ivan Kmeta's *Uragan*, and in Gerhard Toews's German trilogy, *Die Heimat in Flammen*, *Die Heimat in Trümmern*, and *Hinter den Roten Mauer*. In Icelandic, we have Mrs. Sigbjörnsson's quiet character studies in *Þraðarsprottar* and Jóhann Magnús Bjarnason's charming *Karl Litli*, a long tale for children written in much the same spirit as George Macdonald's *At the Back of the North Wind*. Both Michael Petrowsky, with his Ukrainian "Silver Lake Mystery," and Peter J. Klassen, with his "In Ontario's Schwarzem Tann," have chosen settings in the Canadian backwoods.

New-Canadian drama during the current period is perhaps best represented by the numerous plays of Alexander Luhowy, several of which have had an enthusiastic reception on the Ukrainian stage in Canada. It is significant that all of them deal with "the period of war and revolution in the Eastern Ukraine;" for Luhowy, the young son of a cavalry colonel, barely escaped out of the tragic maelstrom, and all of his dramas seem to take place under the lurid light of a bloody sky. Unlike Luhowy, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, the only Icelandic-Canadian dramatist, does not write for the stage at all.

He is a close student of modern European playwrights, and is seeking consciously to evolve a form of literary drama in which symbolism and psychological analysis predominate over action. One might suspect that Luigi Pirandello was his spiritual father. His plays demand considerable intellectual effort and are never likely to be popular, but they are a startling phenomenon in Canadian letters.

In autobiography, the extensive Icelandic "Memoirs" of Friðrik Guðmundsson, though cut short by death just after the issue of the second large volume, are imposing even as a torso. Equally copious are the reminiscences of Peter J. Klassen (in German), recording his moving experiences during the Russian revolution.

In the field of scholarship, the most distinguished work has been that of two Icelandic professors, Dr. Richard Beck of the University of North Dakota, and Dr. Stefán Einarsson of Johns Hopkins, both of whom, in their Icelandic studies, are much more intimately associated with Western Canada (where lies the centre of gravity of Icelandic life on this continent) than with the United States. For Western scholars, special interest attaches to Dr. Beck's essays on the poetry of the late Kristján Niels Júlíus and to Dr. Einarsson's extensive study of tendencies in the Icelandic language in Canada (*Lögberg*, Dec. 1937).

Religious writings have been exceedingly extensive, and range all the way from doctrinal exposition to bitter sectarian polemic. Among the most eloquent and constructive authors of religious prose are the Rev. Jakob Jónsson (in Icelandic), the Rev. Vilmos Tatter (in Hungarian), and the Rev. Ivan Kmeta (in Ukrainian).

In history and the social sciences, tribute should be paid to the detailed records of pioneer families by which the Thorgeirsson *Almanac* is storing up, year by year, the materials for a future history of Icelandic settlement in the West. By far the most important single volume of contemporary research, however, is Dr. Albert Möllmann's *Das Deutschtum in Montreal*, a doctoral thesis presented by this Ontario scholar at the University of Marburg. This work, which pays due credit to the trail-blazing of Dawson and Reynolds, proceeds with admirable thoroughness to analyse the social and occupational history of the urban Germans in Montreal, and ends with a serious discussion of the problem of maintaining a dual faith "im canadischen Staat und zugleich im deutschen Volk," of blending loyalty to the new land with racial affection for the traditions of the old.

LISTS OF PUBLICATIONS[1]
FRENCH-CANADIAN

MERLE STOREY

I. SELECTED PERIODICALS

(*Supplement to list printed in "Letters in Canada, 1936"*)

Les Carnets du Théologue, Joliette, P.Q. [Les Scolastiques de Saint-Viateur; quarterly; 1936+; ed. G. Lamarche: religion; letters; poems; reviews].

L'Enseignement primaire, Québec, 79, Chemin Sainte-Foy [monthly; 1880-1937; n.s. 1937+: Bulletin officiel du Département de l'Instruction Publique].

La Famille, Montréal, 2010, rue Dorchester ouest [Les Pères Franciscains; monthly; 1937+ (in succession to *La Tempérance*): social questions].

Le Jour, Montréal, 263, rue Ste-Catherine est [weekly; 1937+; ed. J.-C. Harvey: current events; letters].

Le Mauricien, Trois-Rivières, 1563, rue Royale [monthly; 1936+; eds. R. Douville and C. Marchand: letters; current events; poems; reviews].

Les Œuvres d'Aujourd'hui: Recueil Littéraire Trimestriel, Montréal, Edns. de l'A.C.-F. [quarterly; 1937+: essays, poems, short stories, plays].

Les Pamphlets de Valdombre, Sainte-Adèle, (Terrebonne), P.Q. [monthly; 1936+; ed. C.-H. Grignon: political and literary].

La Relève, Montréal, 36, ave. Roskilde [10 issues; 1935+; ed. C. Hurtubise: literary criticism; reviews].

II. CULTURAL AND LITERARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A. Selected Works of Reference

Almanach du peuple Beauchemin pour 1937 (68me année). Montréal, Beauchemin, 480pp., 25c.

LÉVESQUE, ALBERT. *Les Canadiens français chez eux: Almanach de la langue française*. Montréal, Action canadienne-française, 84pp., 25c. Revd. *CFran.* nov.

Société des Ecrivains canadiens. *Premier bulletin bibliographique, Année 1937*. Montréal, Le Devoir, 12pp.

B. Selected Studies in Historical and Contemporary Background

BARBEAU, MARIUS. *Québec où survit l'ancienne France*. Ill. de MARJORIE BORDEN. Québec, Garneau, vii, 176pp. French version of *Quebec, where ancient France lingers* (1936). Revd. *AU* fév. 1938.

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[1]All references in the list are to 1937 except when another date is given. Following many of the items listed, attention is drawn to more extended reviews in other periodicals. An asterisk marks the names of those authors whom we believe not to be Canadians. The following abbreviations have been used: *AU—Action universitaire; BRH—Bulletin des Recherches historiques; C—Canadian; CFran—Canada français; CHA—Canadian Historical Association report; Mém. S.R.C.; NC—Nos Cahiers; RD—Revue Dominicaine; RTC—Revue trimestrielle canadienne; RUO—Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa.*

BOLDUC, EVELYN. *Manuel de l'étiquette courante parmi la bonne société canadienne-française.* [Ottawa, chez l'auteur, 191, rue McLeod.] 130pp.

BRETON, P.-E. *Cap-de-la-Madeleine, cité mystique de Marie.* (Pages trifluviennes, sér. A, no. 20.) Trois-Rivières, Edns. du "Bien Public," 213pp. Revd. *CFran.* oct.

CHÉNIER, AUGUSTIN. *Notes historiques sur le Témiscamingue.* Québec, Action catholique, 137pp., $1.00.

DAVID, L.-O. *Les patriotes de 1837-1838.* (1884 ed. re-ed.) Montréal, Beauchemin, 320pp., $1.00.

DESROSIERS, LÉO-PAUL. *L'accalmie: Lord Durham au Canada.* Montréal, Impr. du Devoir, 149pp., $1.00.

DUBOIS, EMILE. *Le feu de la Rivière-du-Chêne: Etude historique sur le mouvement insurrectionnel de 1837 au nord de Montréal.* Préface de JULES-EDOUARD PRÉVOST. St. Jérôme, P.Q., Impr. J.-H.-A., Labelle, 341pp., $1.50. Revd. *CFran.* nov.

DUGRÉ, ALEXANDRE. *Notre survivance française.* (Comité régional, 2e Congrès de la Langue française à Québec, 27 juin-1er juillet 1937.) Montréal, Impr. du Messager, 16pp.

FILTEAU, GÉRARD. *La naissance d'une nation: Tableau du Canada en 1755.* Tome I. *Géographie et institutions;* Tome II. *Vie culturelle et vie économique.* (Documents historiques.) Montréal, Edns. de l'A. C.-F., 207, 235pp., $1.00 le vol.

GÉRIN, LÉON. *Le type économique et social des canadiens: Milieux agricoles de tradition française.* Tome I. (Science sociale.) Montréal, Edns. de l'A. C.-F., 221pp., $1.00.

Ici ont passé . . . ; Le monument du Coteau du Portage. Chicoutimi, Pubns. de la Société historique du Saguenay, vi, 40pp.

LALONDE, MAURICE. *Notes historiques sur Mont-Laurier, Nominingue et Kiamika, 1822-1937.* Beauceville, P.Q., L'Eclaireur, 227pp., $1.00.

Notre américanisation: Enquête de la Revue Dominicaine (1936). Montréal, L'Œuvre de Presse dominicaine, 266pp., 75c. Contains articles by: H. BASTIEN, J. BRUCHÉSI, L. DESBIENS, C. FOREST, A. JANIN, M.-D. JASMIN, M.-A. LAMARCHE, G. PELLETIER, Mme. E. PINEAULT-LÉVEILLÉ, P. VOYER. Revd. *AU* nov.; *RTC* déc.

SAINT-PIERRE, ARTHUR. *Les patriotes de 1837-38.* Préface de VICTOR MORIN. Montréal, Edns. de la Bibliothèque canadienne, 24pp. Revd. *AU* oct.; *CFran.* nov.

Témoignages de la jeunesse canadienne-française, 1936, 22, 23 et 24 mai. (Journées Thomistes II.) Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 87pp. Contains articles by: J.-C. BONENFANT, P. CHALOULT, G. DAGENAIS, P. DAGENAIS, R. DUHAMEL, P. DUMAS, G. FORBES, C. MARCHAND, P. RANGER, L. RICHER, A. TURPIN, Cardinal J.-M.-R. VILLENEUVE.

TRÉMAUDAN, AUGUSTE-HENRI de. *Histoire de la nation métisse dans l'ouest canadien.* Montréal, Lévesque, 1936, 448pp.

"La bibliothèque de Jean Nicolet" (*BRH* mai 159-60); R. BLANCHARD, "La poussée française dans la province de Québec" (*Rev. de l'Alliance Française* juillet 117-20); B. BROUILLETTE, "L'influence des Canadiens français dans la

pénétration du continent américain" (*AU* oct. 28-9, 34); J. Bruchési, "Les Américains et la rébellion de 1837 dans le Bas-Canada" (*AU* avril 82-83, 96), "Les Etats-Unis et les rébellions de 1837-38 dans le Bas-Canada" (*RTC* mars 1-20); P. Casgrain, "L'immigration au Canada" (*CFran.* oct. 131-7); R. Dubé (François Hertel, *pseud.*), "Trois-Rivières, petite ville" (*Images de la Mauricie* 57-60); N. Fauteux, "La presse du Bas-Canada et la rébellion de 1837-1838" (*Revue populaire* oct., 7, 68-70); F. Hertel, see R. Dubé; Emma Hodgson, "Le moulin de Vincennes" (*Le Terroir* juillet-août 17); F.-J. Leduc, "Doit-on douter de l'avenir" (*RTC* déc. 363-75); G.-E. Marquis, "Québec: Une causerie donnée aux instituteurs et institutrices ontariens qui ont suivi des cours oraux de français au collège de Sillery, pendant les mois de juillet et d'août, 1937" (*Le Terroir* sept. 13-20); A.-G. Morice, "La race métisse—étude critique en marge d'un livre récent" (*RUO* avril-juin 160-83); G. Parizeau, "Aperçu de la situation économique dans le Bas-Canada vers 1837" (*CHA* 51-71); P. Potvin, "L'aumonier des patriotes de 1837" (*CFran.* déc. 417-32); R. Provencher, "Conséquences de l'insurrection" (*AU* juin 123-4); P.-G. Roy, "L'esprit français dans nos coutumes canadiennes" (*Le Terroir* juillet-août 30-2; sept. 6-8); R. Roy, "Origine de l'Institut Canadien d'Ottawa" (*BRH* août 251-5); G. Simard, "Principes et faits en histoire: Etat idéal et état canadien; et séparatisme" (*RUO* juillet-sept. 261-87).

C. Criticism of Canadian Literature and Speech

(a) General and Miscellaneous

Gauvreau, J. *Olivar Asselin: Précurseur d'Action française.* See VIA.

Gérin, Léon. *Vocabulaire pratique de l'Anglais au Français à l'usage des Canadiens engagés dans l'agriculture, le commerce, l'industrie, les professions libérales, les emplois publics, les affaires et la politique.* (Documents linguistiques.) Montréal, Lévesque, 302pp., $4.00. Revd. *CFran.* juin.

Hommage de la région outaouaise à la langue française: Programme souvenir, 21, 22, 23, 24, mai, 1937. Ottawa, Le Droit, 32pp.

Roy, Camille. *Pour conserver notre héritage français: Etudes extraites des* Essais et nouveaux essais sur la littérature canadienne. Montréal, Beauchemin, 187pp., 75c.

Yelle, Emile. *La situation des Manitobains de langue française.* Au Congrès de la Langue française à Québec, juin, 1937. St-Boniface, La Liberté, 19pp.

V. Barbeau, "Le français, langue inférieure" (*Action nationale* avril); H. Bastien, "Livres canadiens" (*AU* déc. 65, 74); T. Belzile, "Ce congrès de langue française" (*Action nationale* mars); L. Bérubé, "La Gaspésie ethnique" (*CFran.* juin 968-79); R. Desmarchais, "Tentatives" (*Les Œuvres d'aujourd'hui*, no. 1, 51-100); R. Dubé (François Hertel, *pseud.*), "La crise des créateurs, ou la trahison de nos clercs" (*Le Mauricien* oct.); C. Gagnon, "Le deuxième congrès de la langue française au Canada: Chronique de l'organisation" (*CFran.* janv., mars-juin), "Les mémorables journées du deuxième congrès de la langue française" (*ibid.* sept. 116-24); P.-M. Gaudrault, "Le congrès de la langue française" (*RD* mars 113-6); J. Hébert, "La survivance du parler français par celle de l'esprit français" (*RUO* oct-déc. 417-23); M. Hébert, "De tout un peu" (*CFran.* fév. 574-94), "La langue française et nous" (*ibid.* mai 913-9), " 'Notre

maître, le passé' " (*ibid.* mars 279-96), "Un nouveau regard sur la critique littéraire et artistique au Canada français" (*ibid.* déc. 433-44); F. HERTEL, see R. DUBÉ; M.-A. LAMARCHE, "L'esprit français dans la revue" (*RD* juillet-août); G.-E. MARQUIS, "Lendemains de congrès [le deuxième congrès de la langue française au Canada]" (*Le Terroir* juillet-août 8-9, 20); R.-M. ROY, "Sur le congrès de la langue française" (*NC* oct. 344-7); R. RUMILLY, "Après le congrès de Québec" (*Revue de France* 15 oct.); G. VANIER, "Culture Franco-Canadienne et livres français" (*AU* oct. 23-4; nov. 43-4).

(b) Poetry

M. HÉBERT, "L'œuvre poétique de Pamphile Le May" (*CFran.* janv. 487-507); G. LUSSIER, "Deux poètes de chez nous" [St-Denys-Garneau et Jeanne l'Archevêque-Duguay] (*RD* mai 244-51).

(c) Fiction

DANDURAND, ALBERT. *Le roman canadien-français.* (Sér. Les jugements.) Montréal, Lévesque, 225pp., $1.00.

LOUVIGNY de MONTIGNY, "Maria Chapdelaine et le parler franco-canadien" (*Le Terroir* juillet-août 21-2, 27), "La tonalité de 'Maria Chapdelaine' " (*ibid.* sept. 3-5).

(d) Drama

D. PERIGORD, "Le mouvement actuel du théâtre religieux" (*Carnets du théologue* juin 66-73; oct. 111-3); P.-G. ROY, "Le Théâtre du Marché à foin, à Québec" (*BRH* fév. 33-45; mars 65-70; avril 97-101); "Le théâtre des frères Ravel" (*BRH* juin 182).

D. Selected Publications in Arts and Crafts in Canada

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MORISSET, GÉRARD. *Peintres et tableaux.* Vol. II. (Les arts au Canada français.) Québec, Edns. du Chevalet, viii, 179pp., $1.00.

J. CHAUVIN, "L'influence de la peinture française sur la peinture canadienne" (*Revue populaire* août 5, 50); J.-M. GAUVREAU, "Bois et meubles du Québec" (*AU* mai 104-5); E.-Z. MASSICOTTE, "Le peintre Alfred Boisseau" (*BRH* avril 102-3); O. MAURAULT, "Les monuments commémoratifs de Montréal" (*RTC* juin 119-36); R. PRESEAULT, "La musique sacrée est-elle en progrès?" (*Carnets du théologue* juin 58-63); P.-G. R[OY], "A propos de musique: La première fanfare québecoise" (*BRH* déc. 353-6).

E. Critical Editions, Collections, *etc.*

ASSELIN, OLIVAR. *Pensée française.* Montréal, Edns. de l'A.C.-F., 216pp., $1.00. Revd. *AU* sept.; *CFran.* nov.

BARBEAU, MARIUS. *Chansons populaires du vieux Québec.* Ill. by ARTHUR LISMER. Ottawa, Edns. ministère des Mines et des Ressources. 25c. Revd. *AU* janv. 1938. *Romancero du Canada.* Toronto, Macmillan, 254pp., $2.75. Revd. *AU* nov.; *CF* Aug.; *QQ* autumn; *SN* July 31.

HARVEY, JEAN-CHARLES. *Art et combat.* Montréal, Edns. de l'A.C.-F., 231pp. Revd. *Le Jour* 18 déc.

TURCOT, MARIE-ROSE. *Au pays des géants et des fées, contes de folk lore canadien.* Ottawa, Le Droit, 71pp.

[TURGEON, JEAN-MARIE]. *Le dessus du panier: Recueil des chroniques de "l'Oncle Gaspard" parues dans l'Evénement et le Journal.* Québec, Charrier et Dugal, 286pp., $1.00.

E.-Z. MASSICOTTE, "La ballade de Jésus mendiant" (*BRH* mai 142-5), "Jolly good fellow" (*BRH* août 249-50).

III. POETRY

BOUCHER, GEORGES-A. *Je me souviens.* Ed. 3. Montréal, Beauchemin, 111pp., $1.00. Revd. *CFran.* oct.

LAMARCHE, G. *Le drapeau de carillon.* See VA.

LAVOIE, A. *Dollard.* See VA.

LE MAY, LÉON PAMPHILE. *Les gouttelettes: Sonnets.* (Ed. nouvelle.) Ill. de P. RICHARD. Québec, l'abbé Edgar Le May, 700, chemin Ste-Foy, xiv, 237pp., $1.25. Revd. *CFran.* nov.

SAINT-DENYS GARNEAU, H. de. *Regards et jeux dans l'espace.* Westmount, chez l'auteur, 353, ave. Olivier, 83pp., 75c. Revd. *La Relève* mars.

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IV. FICTION

A. Novels, Serials, *etc.*

ARCY, RENÉ d'. See ROY, A. M.

BERTHIAUME-DENAULT, LAURE. *Marie-Jeanne, roman.* Montréal, Beauchemin, 91pp., 75c.

CLÉMENT, LUCIE. *Seuls.* Montréal, Beauchemin, 223pp., $1.00.

CUSSON, PHILIPPE. *Talitha: Nouvelle évangélique.* Préface du Chanoine EMILE CHARTIER. Montréal, Impr. Modèle, 95pp., 25c. Revd. *CFran.* oct.

FILION, LAETITIA. *A deux.* Lévis, P.Q., Le Quotidien, 181pp., 75c.

LE NORMAND, MICHELLE. *La plus belle chose du monde.* Montréal, Impr. du Devoir, 249pp. Revd. *RD* janv. 1938; *La Relève* 9e et 10e cahiers.

MAILLET, ADRIENNE. *Peuvent-elles garder un secret?* Montréal, chez l'auteur, 3788, rue Lacombe, 315pp., $1.00.

MISHAEGEN, ANNE de. *Trappeur blanc.* Bruxelles, Impr. A. Leempoel, 5, rue de Danemark, viii, 216pp., $1.10.

NANTEL, ADOLPHE. *Au pays des bûcherons:* "A la hache" réédité pour la jeunesse. Ill. de LOUIS GAGNON. (Albums canadiens.) Montréal, Edns. de l'A.C.-F., 186pp.

POTVIN, DAMASE. *Peter McLeod: Grand récit canadien inédit.* Québec, chez l'auteur, 9, ave. Désy, 207pp., 75c.

ROY, ANGELINE M. (RENÉ D'ARCY, *pseud.*). *L'amour trompé.* Drummondville, P.Q., La Parole, 182pp., $1.00.

SAINT-PIERRE, A. *Pointe au Chêne: Roman scout.* Ottawa, Edns. du Lévrier, 160pp., 50c. Revd. *CFran.* sept.

SAVARD, FÉLIX-ANTOINE. *Menaud, maître-draveur.* Québec, Librairie Garneau, vi, 265pp., $1.00. Revd. *CFran.* oct., nov.; *Les Pamphlets de Valdombre* août; *La Relève* 8e cahier, 3e sér.

B. Selected Short Stories

BART, J. See GUIMOND, E.

GUIMOND, E. (JEAN BART, *pseud.*). *L'homme aux yeux éteints . . . adapté de la pièce radiophonique . . .* par LUCIEN GODIN (43pp., 15c.); *L'œil qui accuse* (46pp., 15c.). Montréal, Garand.

LECLERC, J. (MARJOLAINE, *pseud.*). *Roselle et sa marraine.* Montréal, Edns. de l'A.C.-F., 15pp., 10c.

MARJOLAINE. See LECLERC, J.

MERCIER-GOUIN, YVETTE. *José chez tante Ninette* (40c.); *José en vacances* (40c.). Montréal, Edns. de l'A.C.-F. For children.

TURCOT, M.-R. *Au pays des géants et des fées.* See IIE.

V. DRAMA

A. Published Plays

BÉLANGER, PAUL. *Quand s'éloignent les petites lumières: Croquis en un acte.* (L.M.E., Tract no. 5.) Montréal, Impr. du Messager, 16pp.

DEYGLUN, HENRY. *Dans les griffes du diable* (*radio-roman*) (57pp.); *Mimi, la petite ouvrière: Pièce en un prologue et cinq actes* (62pp., 25c.); *Notre maître l'amour* (*radio-roman*) (60pp.). Montréal, Théâtre populaire français (Revue musicale enrg., 8365 boul. Lajeunesse).

DUMONT, JOSEPH-NAPOLÉON. *Ange ou démon: Drame* [*Jociste*] *en trois tableaux* (33pp., 25c.); *Patou ou la grande œuvre du jocisme conquérant: Drame en quatre tableaux* (35pp., 25c.). Québec, Maison Don-Bosco. *Publicité, encens, courbettes: Comédie en trois actes.* Québec, [Action sociale], 50pp., 50c.

GUILLET, PAUL. *Les patriotes vengés: Ebauche dramatique en trois épisodes. Pièce créée à Sainte-Philomène de Rosemont à l'occasion des fêtes commémoratives lancées par les patriotes de Rosemont pour célébrer le centenaire des*

patriotes de 1837. Montréal, chez l'auteur, 3002, rue Masson, 102pp. (mimeo.).

LAMARCHE, GUSTAVE. *Le drapeau de carillon: Un drame choral en un acte.* Montréal, Librairie des Clercs de St-Viateur, x, 50pp. Joué à Montréal, par les élèves de l'Ecole Supérieure Saint-Viateur et quelques acteurs du Montreal Repertory Theatre. *Le gémissement vers La Colombe: Un grand jeu choral.* Vaudreuil, P.Q., Le Collège de Rigaud, 26pp. (polygraphie). Edn. épuisée. Joué par les élèves du Collège de Rigaud, à l'occasion du cinquantenaire du pélerinage établi en cet endroit.

LARAMÉE, JEAN. *Un miracle au pays des Chinois.* (L.M.E., Tract no. 7.) Montréal, Impr. du Messager, 15pp.

LAVOIE, ADÉODAT. *Dollard (sacrifice du Long-Sault): Poème dramatique en cinq actes.* Précédé d'une notice historique de M. l'abbé LIONEL GROULX. Avignon, Maison Aubanel Père, 7, place Saint-Pierre, 123pp., 80c.

TREMBLAY, LAURENT. *Hommage à la langue française.* Ed. par le Comité central des ligues de retraitants. Ottawa, Univ. d'Ottawa, ii, 20pp., 10c.

G. LAMARCHE, "Notre-Dame-des-Neiges: Féerie héroïque en douze tableaux" (*CFran.* mai 853-92); Y. O. MERCIER-GOUIN, "Le jeune dieu" (*Les Œuvres d'aujourd'hui*, no. 1, 102-74).

B. Selected List of Plays Produced

PIERRE BENOIT, "Fresque héroïque" (produced over CBC); YVETTE O. MERCIER-GOUIN, "Un homme" (joué à Montréal au théâtre His Majesty's; à Québec au Palais Montcalm; à Trois-Rivières au théâtre Capitol; et à Ottawa au Little Theatre).

VI. MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

A. Biography and Autobiography

ALCAS-MARIE, Frère. *Frère Bernard-Camille (Pierre Bernard) des Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes 1886-1918.* Montréal, Impr. de-la-Salle, 1936, 208pp., 50c.

BOULANGER, JEAN-BAPTISTE. *Napoléon vu par un Canadien.* Préface de RENÉ CRUCHET. Bordeaux, Edns. Delmas, lii, 143pp., 75c.

CASHEN, T. F. *La vraie physionomie du Frère André: Brève histoire d'une sainte âme.* Montréal, Oratoire Saint-Joseph du Mont-Royal, 32pp. Also in English, under title: *Brother André as he was: Short story of a saintly soul* (31pp., 15c.).

DAVIAULT, PIERRE. *La grande aventure de Le Moyne d'Iberville.* (Albums canadiens.) Montréal, Edns. de l'A. C.-F., 149pp., 75c.

DROUIN, JOSEPH. *Le Frère André, sa généalogie, ses plus frappants miracles.* Montréal, Le Devoir, 31pp., 25c.

DUGRÉ, ALEXANDRE. *Le Père Marquette de la compagnie de Jésus.* (Œuvre des tracts, no. 216, juin.) Montréal, Action paroissiale, 16pp., 10c.

FARLEY, PAUL-EMILE. *Saint Viateur, patron de l'Institut des Clercs de Saint-Viateur.* Montréal, Les Clercs de Saint-Viateur, 177pp. Revd. *Le Séminaire* nov.

GAUVREAU, JOSEPH. *Olivar Asselin: Précurseur d'*Action française, *le plus grand de nos journalistes, 1875-1937.* Montréal, 76 boul. St-Joseph ouest, 47pp.

LE JEUNE, LOUIS. *Le chevalier Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville.* (Ouvrage posthume.) Préface de SÉRAPHIN MARION. Ottawa, Edns. de l'Université, 253pp., $1.25.

LÉOPOLD, Frère. *Sur les pas du Frère André.* (Œuvre des tracts, no. 217.) Montréal, Action paroissiale, 16pp., 10c.

MONTIGNY, JEANNE de. *Fernande.* Préface du LOUIS LALANDE. Montréal, Edns. du Devoir, 339pp., 75c.

PÉNARD, J.-M. *Mgr. Charlebois:* (*Notes et souvenirs*). Montréal, Beauchemin, 243pp., $1.00. Revd. *AU* janv. 1938.

RAYMOND, GÉRARD. *Journal de.* Québec, Séminaire de Québec, 193pp. Revd. *CFran.* nov.; *NC* déc.

Le récit d'une mère: Biographie de Annette Bernard de Saint-Jude. Montréal, Beauchemin, 181pp., 75c.

ROY, PIERRE-GEORGES. *Les avocats de la région de Québec.* Lévis, P.Q., Adrien Begin, 500pp., $5.00.

SIMARD, O.-D. *Pier Giorgio Frassati: Un beau type d'étudiant, 1901-1925.* Chicoutimi, P.Q., Impr. Le Progrès du Saguenay, 32pp., 10c.

See also IID (E. LAPIERRE); VIIB(a) (D. LABERGE).

V. BÉLANGER, "Son excellence Monseigneur Melanson, Archevêque de Moncton" (*Le Séminaire* mars 18-21); G. BUGNET, "Une grande âme [Madeleine de Saint-Joseph]" (*CFran.* avril 778-83); R. DES ORMES, see F. TURGEON; C. DUGRÉ, "Héraut et héros de la vierge immaculée: Le père Jacques Marquette, S.J., 1637-1675" (*ibid.* déc. 398-407); D. FRÉMONT, "L'enfance de la Vérendrye: Prélude du deuxième centenaire de la découverte de l'Ouest canadien" (*ibid.* sept. 5-21); M. GAGNON, "Un grand éducateur, le Père d'Alzon" (*Enseignement secondaire* déc. 233-51); A. GRAVEL, "M. de Portneuf sur la Chaudière et le lac Mégantic en 1690" (*Annales de Saint Gérard* nov. 342-5); L. GROULX, "Portrait de Talon" (*AU* nov. 45-6); G. LANCTOT, "Un Sulpicien récalcitrant: L'abbé Huet de La Valinière" (*C Catholic Hist. Assoc. rept.* 1935-36, 25-39); H. LEMAY, "Le Père Louis Hennepin, récollet" (*NC* avril 5-37; juillet 149-79; oct. 245-80); E. LONGPRÉ, "S. Bernardin de Sienne et le Nom de Jésus" (*Archivum franciscanum historicum*, Quaracchi, Italy, 1935 (ed. 1936), 443-76; 1936 (ed. 1937), 142-68; 443-77), "Bonaventure (Frère)" (*Dictionnaire de Spiritualité ascétique et mystique*, VI, Paris, Beauchesne, col. 1856-1857), "Boucher" (*ibid.*), "Saint Bonaventure: Vie, écrits spirituels, doctrine mystique" (*ibid.* col. 1768-1857); F. TURGEON (R. DES ORMES, *pseud.*), "Une héroïne du St-Laurent [Kate Johnston]" (*CFran.* fév. 543-8), "Profil suédois: S.A.R. le Prince Guillaume" (*ibid.* juin 959-67); A. YON, "Un témoin des années terribles: Jean-Baptiste d'Aleyrac (1737-1796), ses campagnes au Canada, ses souvenirs" (*ibid.* sept. 100-15).

B. Sketches: Narrative, Descriptive, Reflective, and Humorous

BEAUDIN, J.-C. *Autour du monde.* Montréal, Beauchemin, 340pp., $2.00. Revd. *AU* janv. 1938.

BRÉGENT, ELISE (FRANCE, *pseud.*). *En attendant chez le docteur.* Préface de MADELEINE. Montréal, Thérien, 149pp.

CODERRE, EMILE (JEAN NARRACHE, *pseud.*). *Histoires du Canada: Vies ramanchées.* Ill. de LOUIS GAGNON. Montréal, Edns. de l'A. C.-F., 131pp. Revd. *Le Terroir* juillet-août.

FRANCE. See BRÉGENT, E.

LACASSE, ELIOZA FAFARD. *Légendes et récits: Côte nord du Saint-Laurent.* Montréal, Eclaireur de Montréal, 134pp., $1.00.

LAMONTAGNE, OLIVETTE. *Le long de la route.* Québec, Impr. Laflamme, 182pp., $1.00.

NARRACHE, JEAN. See CODERRE, E.

PLANTE, HERMANN. *Saint-Justin: Foyer de sérénité rurale.* Les bois gravés par EDGAR PLANTE. (Pages trifluviennes, sér. A, no. 19.) Trois-Rivières, Edns. du Bien Public, 162pp.

A.-C. BÉGIN (JEANNE du BERRY, *pseud.*), "Souvenirs de l'ouest canadien: Lethbridge, 1891; Battleford, juillet 1894" (*Le Terroir* juillet-août 12, 26; sept. 10-2); J. du BERRY, see A.-C. BÉGIN; "Les Laurentides" (*Association Belgique-Canada* août 295-301); G. LEBLANC, "Montréal, 5e port du monde" (*Bull. de la Chambre de Commerce du District de Montréal* avril 17); G. MORIN, "Bonheurs champêtres: Les conquêtes des champs et des bois" (*CFran.* nov. 276-83), "Une course à la vie: Impressions de sanatorium" (*ibid.* avril 718-27; mai 822-35).

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C. Critical Essays

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R. Blanchard, "Les cantons de l'est: Etudes canadiennes, deuxième série" (*Revue de géographie alpine* XXV, 1-210), "Les formes du relief de la province de Québec (Canada français)" (*Annales de géographie* juillet 407-10); B. Brouillette, "Le récit de Pierre-Antoine Tabeau dans le haut Missouri (1803-1805)" (*CHA* 35-47); I. Caron, "Inventaire de la correspondance de Monseigneur Bernard-Claude Panet, archevêque de Québec; suite et fin, 1831-1833" (*Rapport de l'archiviste de la province de Québec pour 1935-1936*, 155-72); L.-P. Desrosiers, "Commencements: L'alliance contre les Iroquois" (*CFran.* janv. 434-48; fév. 549-60), "Commencements: Une série d'articles sur les débuts de la colonie française au Canada" (*Le Devoir*, Montréal; *La Tribune*, Sherbrooke; *Le Droit*, Ottawa; *Action catholique*, Québec), "La connaissance des langues indiennes dans la Nouvelle-France" (*RUO* avril-juin 145-59); M. Hébert, "Sur les traces de Cavelier de la Salle et des pairs canadiens: Voyage au golfe du Mexique" (*CFran.* juin 1006-30); L.-J. de La Durantaye, "Le français dans nos textes législatifs" (*RTC* déc. 410-18); G. Poulin, "L'évolution historico-juridique de l'institution paroissiale au Canada français" (*NC* déc., 1936, 298-315; avril 97-122; juillet 203-17); L. Pouliot, "Mgr Lartigue et les troubles de 1837" (*CFran.* janv. 413-21; fév. 517-29; mars 613-25), "La vraie grandeur du P. Marquette" (*La mission canadienne Cavelier de la Salle* [pub. de la Société Historique de Montréal] mars-avril 79-91).

See also IIB (J. Bruchési, P. Casgrain, A.-G. Morice, G. Parizeau, P. Potvin, R. Roy, G. Simard); VIA (D. Frémont, G. Lanctot, H. Lemay, F. Turgeon, A. Yon). See also *BRH* with writers noted: L. Brault, I. Caron, E. Des Robert, A. Fauteux, H. Lemay, E.-Z. Massicotte, L. Pouliot, P.-G. Roy, *etc.*

B. Other Fields

(a) Philosophy and General Science

L'Académie canadienne Saint-Thomas d'Aquin, sixième session, 9-10 octobre 1935. Québec, Action catholique, 267pp., $1.00.

Bois, J.-S.-Anselme. *La découverte de soi-même.* Montréal, Edns. de l'Institut de Psychologie, University Tower, 262pp.

Filion, Emile. *Elementa philosophiae thomisticae. Tomus primus: Logica; Cosmologia; Ontologia.* Montréal, Beauchemin, x, 550pp., $4.00. Revd. *AU* nov.

GRENIER, HENRI. *Cursus philosophiae.* Vol. I. *Introductio generalis, Logica, Philosophia naturalis.* Vol. II. *Metaphysica.* Québec, Action sociale, 388, 282pp., $2.00 le vol.

LABERGE, DAMASE. *Fr. Petri Ioannis Olivi, O.F.M.: Tria scripta sui ipsius apologetica annorum 1283 et 1285.* (Reprinted from *Archivum franciscanum historicum*, XXVIII and XXIX.) Quaracchi, Italy, 154pp., 12 *l.*

LEDOUX, ATHANASE (ed.). *Fr. Guillelmi Alnwick, O.F.M.: Quaestiones disputatae de esse intelligibili et de Quodlibet.* (Bibliotheca Franciscana Scolastica Maedii Aevi, T. X.) Firenze-Quaracchi, Collège S. Bonaventure, lx, 644pp., 40 *l.* Revd. *NC* déc.

PELLETIER, GEORGES-LÉON (trans.). *Un beau mariage* (*Le livre de Tobie*). Traduction d'après les versions grecques et latines. Montréal, "Propagande Catholique Romaine de la Bible," 10c. Revd. *CFran.* oct.

R. ARÈS, "Le Catholicisme de René Descartes" (*CFran.* mai 803-21; juin 936-58); H. BASTIEN, "René Descartes" (*Le Canada* 9, 10 et 11 déc.; *L'Hôpital* nov.); V. DOUCET, "L'œuvre scolastique de Richard de Conington, O.F.M." (*Archivum franciscanum historicum*, Quaracchi, Italy, 1936 (ed. sept., 1937), 396-442); E. FILION, "Le sens des faits: Un nouveau manuel de philosophie" (*RD* juin 312); M.-C. FOREST, "Le cartesianisme et l'orientation de la science moderne" (*RD* nov. 194+); GILMARD, "Jacques Maritain" (*La Relève* 8e cahier, sér. 3, 200-8); L. LORTIE, "Le message scientifique de Descartes" (*AU* déc. 66-8); O.-A. MEUNIER, "Politique et morale" (*RUO* janv.-mars 54-85); L.-M. PUECH, "Duns Scot et l'argument de saint Anselme" (*NC* juillet 183-99); I. SAINT-ARNAUD, "Le bestiaire de saint Pierre Damien" (*NC* avril 38-46); G. SIMARD, "Philosophie et théologie de l'histoire, d'après 'La cité de Dieu'" (*RUO* oct.-déc. 441-8), "Les quatre livres historiques de la seconde partie du 'De Civitate Dei'" (*RUO* avril-juin 65*-72*); Cardinal J.-M.-R. VILLENEUVE, "Le Thomisme, discipline de raison" (*Témoignages de la jeunesse canadienne-française*, 1936, édns. de Lévrier 65-85); R.-M. VOYER, "Un examen de conscience" (*RD* nov. 173+), "La télépathie" (*RTC* sept. 239-52).

(b) **Social Sciences**

Annales de L'ACFAS. Vol. 3. Montréal, Association canadienne-française pour l'Avancement des Sciences, 271pp.

GOUIN, LÉON-MERCIER. *Cours de droit industriel.* Tome I. *Lois ouvrières;* Tome II. *Propriété industrielle et droit d'auteur.* Montréal, Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales, 234, 252pp., $1.25 le vol.

A. COUSINEAU, "L'habitation en Europe et en Angleterre" (*RTC* déc. 394-409); A. LAQUERRIÈRE, "Le développement de la race française à partir de la prédiction chrétienne: Le rôle des évêques dans la formation de la mentalité française" (*RTC* juin 149-77); R. LATRÉMOUILLE, "Les origines de l'exemption des religieux" (*RUO* janv.-mars 5*-31*); L. MAYRAND, "Introduction à l'étude du droit international" (*RUO* juillet-sept. 307-19); R. PARENT, "Les archives économiques contemporaines source de l'histoire" (*Actualité économique* fév. 329-54); C. PERRAULT, "La nationalité" (*AU* mai 103, 118).

VIII. HANDBOOKS AND COMPILATIONS

HARRY BERNARD, *A B C du petit naturaliste canadien*, dix brochures ayant pour titre: *Le petit pêcheur, Le petit chasseur, Le petit oiseleur, Le petit entomologiste, Le petit fermier, Le petit herboriste, Le petit fleuriste, Le petit arboriste, Le petit jardinier, Le petit minéralogiste*, ill. de J.-A. LEMAY, Montréal, Lévesque, 64pp. each. RENÉ DUPUIS, *De l'anglais au français en électrotechnique*, Québec, Action catholique, 1936, 237pp. MAURICE HÉBERT, *L'art d'apprendre: La belle caricature en peu de temps*, n.p., 169pp., $2.00. L.-J. de LA DURANTAYE, *Petit code civil annoté de la Province de Québec: Accompagné des lois se rapportant au droit civil*, avec le concours de G. DUBREUIL et J.-L. GAGNER, (Collection de La Durantaye), Montréal, J.-D. de Lamirande, xviii, 885pp. ELPHÈGE LALIBERTÉ, *"Zozo:" Farces, histoires, devinettes*, St. Joseph-de-Grantham, Cte. Drummond, P.Q., chez l'auteur, 30, rue St. Charles, 93pp., 35c. JOSEPH LALIBERTÉ, *Vocabulaire pratique grec-français*, Sainte-Anne de Beaupré, Séminaire Saint-Alphonse, xxxi, 261pp., 75c. HUGOLIN LEMAY, *Tableau de classification pour les bibliothèques des Frères Mineurs du Canada*, Montréal, Impr. des Franciscains, 76pp. CLAUDE MELANÇON, *Les poissons de nos eaux*, 2 vols., Montréal, Granger, 192pp. et 50c. le vol. Revd. *RD* mai. CAMÉLIENNE SÉGUIN (comp.), *Répertoire poétique: Poésies et monologues*, Montréal, Arbour et Dupont, 238pp., $1.00.

LISTS OF PUBLICATIONS[1]

NEW-CANADIAN

WATSON KIRKCONNELL

I. SELECTED PERIODICALS

(with abbreviations)

Der Adler ("The Eagle"), Montreal [Jew.; daily; 1907+].

Almanak, Winnipeg, 674 Sargent Ave. [Icel.; annual: chiefly devoted to historical research on pioneer settlement]. *Alm.*

L'Araldo del Canada ("Canadian Herald"), Montreal [Ital.; weekly; 1906+].

Ardís ("Year-goddess"), Winnipeg, 674 Sargent Ave., Lutheran Women's Assoc. [Icel.; annual; 1933+].

Baldursbrá ("Ox-eye Daisy"), Winnipeg, 218 Sherburn St., Icelandic National League [Icel.; Juvenile; semi-monthly; 1934+; ed. S. J. Jóhannesson: stories and verse].

Bollettino Italo-Canadese, Toronto [Ital.; weekly].

Der Bote ("The Messenger"), Rosthern, Sask. [Ger.; weekly; 1924+; ed. D. H. Epp: Mennonite religious].

Canada Posten ("Canadian Post"), Winnipeg, 396 Logan Ave. [Swed.; weekly; 1905+; ed. F. O. Gustafson].

Der Courier, Regina [Ger.; weekly; 1907+].

Czas ("The Times"), Winnipeg, 848 Main St. [Pol.; weekly; 1915+; ed. W. Drelenkiewicz].

Danebrog, Ottawa [Dan.; weekly; 1892+].

Gázeta Katolicka ("Catholic Gazette"), Winnipeg, 619 McDermot Ave. [Pol.; weekly; 1907+; ed. Jan Pazdor].

Hebrew Journal, Toronto [Jew.; daily; 1912+].

Heimskringla ("The World"), Winnipeg, 853 Sargent Ave. (Icel.; weekly; 1886+; ed. S. Einarsson: poems, fiction, political comment]. *Hkr.*

Hrvatski Glas ("Croatian Voice"), Winnipeg, 295 Market Ave. [Croat.; weekly; 1929+; ed. P. Stankovic].

Israelite Press, Winnipeg, 165 Selkirk Ave. E. [Jew.; semi-weekly; 1911+].

L'Italia ("Italy"), Montreal [Ital.; weekly; 1916+].

Jewish Post, Winnipeg, 213 Selkirk Ave. [Jew.; weekly; 1925+].

Kanadai Magyar Ujság ("Canadian Hungarian News"), Winnipeg, 375 Hargrave St. [Hung.; semi-weekly; 1924+; ed. B. B. Payerle].

Kanadske Noviny ("Canadian News"), Montreal [Czech.; weekly].

Kanadyisky Farmer ("Canadian Farmer"), Winnipeg, 295 Market Ave. [Ukr.; weekly; 1900+; ed. W. Datzkiw].

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[1]Following abbreviations throughout New-Canadian lists: *Croat.*—Croatian; *Dan.*—Danish; *Finn.*—Finnish; *Ger.*—German; *Hung.*—Hungarian; *Icel.*—Icelandic; *Ital.*—Italian; *Jew.*—Jewish; *Norw.*—Norwegian; *Pol.*—Polish; *Russ.*—Russian; *Swed.*—Swedish; *Ukr.*—Ukrainian. Unfortunately certain accents have had to be omitted from the Icelandic citations. It has also been necessary to substitute th and d for þ and ð, respectively.

Kanadysky Ranok ("Canadian Morning"), Winnipeg [Ukr.; weekly; 1907+: Protestant family paper].

Lögberg ("Law-mountain"), Winnipeg, 695 Sargent Ave. [Icel.; weekly; 1888+; ed. F. P. Jonsson: poems, fiction, political comment]. *Lbg.*

Mennonitische Rundschau ("Mennonite Review"), Winnipeg, 672 Arlington St. [Ger.; 1877+; ed. H. Neufeld: religious poetry, articles on religion]. *MR.*

Narodna Gazeta ("People's Gazette"), Winnipeg, Pritchard Ave. and McGregor St. [Ukr.; daily; 1919+; Communist]. *NG.*

Der Nordwesten, Winnipeg, 295 Market Ave. [Ger.; weekly; 1889+; ed. J. Hensen].

Norrona Canadian ("Canadian Norseman"), Winnipeg, 325 Logan Ave. [Norw.; weekly; 1909+].

Novy Shlakh ("New Pathway"), Saskatoon, 832-20th St. W. [Ukr.; weekly; 1928+; ed. M. Pohorecky: chief organ of Ukr. nationalism in Canada]. *NS.*

Sameiningin ("Bond of Union"), Winnipeg, 695 Sargent Ave., Lutheran Icelandic Synod of North America [Icel.; religious monthly; 1885+]. *Sgn.*

Svenska Canada Tidningen ("Swedish-Canadian News"), Winnipeg, 325 Logan Ave. [Swed.; weekly; 1892+; ed. E. Ljungh].

Tímarit Thjodræknisfjelags Islendinga ("Annual of Icelandic National League"), Winnipeg, 695 Sargent Ave. [chief Icel. annual in Canada; 1918+; ed. R. Pétursson: literary and historical articles, poetry, fiction]. *TTI.*

Ukrayinsky Holos ("Ukrainian Voice"), Winnipeg, 214 Dufferin Ave. [Ukr.; weekly; 1910+; ed. M. Stechishin]. *UH.*

Ukrayinsky Wisty ("Ukrainian News"), Edmonton, 10012-109 St. [Ukr.; weekly; 1928+: news and religious interests]. *UW.*

Vapaus ("Liberty"), Sudbury [Finn.; weekly; 1919+].

Világosság ("Light"), Toronto, 92 McCaul St. [Hung.; monthly; 1936+: religious, Canadian Baptist interests].

II. CULTURAL AND LITERARY HISTORY OF CANADA

A. Selected Works of Reference

R. Beck, "Skrá yfir valin rit á ensku um íslenzk efni" (Icel. "List of selected books in English on Icelandic subjects" *TTI* 1935, 122-6).

B. Selected Studies in Historical and Contemporary Background

Möllmann, Albert. *Das Deutschtum in Montreal: Eine soziologischwirtschaftliche Untersuchung über Geschichte, Nachkriegseinwanderung und Volkstum der Deutschen in Montreal, Canada* (Ger. "German community in Montreal: Sociological and economic investigation into history, post-war immigration, and national spirit of Germans in Montreal, Canada"). Jena, Gustav Fischer, 1937, xii, 124pp.

O. Björnsson, "Frá Islandi til Winnipegvatns, 1876" (Icel. "From Iceland to Lake Winnipeg, 1876" *Lbg.* May 2, 1935); J. H. Hunfjörd, "Sögutháttur af landnámi Islendinga vid Brown, Manitoba" (Icel. "Historical data from settlement of Icelanders at Brown, Manitoba" *Alm.* 1937, 21-44); B. E. Johnson, "Landnema minnisvardinn á Gimli" (Icel. "Pioneer monument at Gimli" *TTI* 1935); O. T. Johnson, "Frumbygd og fortíd" (Icel. "Original settlement and

times past" *TTI* 1935), "Vestur-Islendingar" (Icel. "Icelanders in America" *Hkr.* July 3, 1935); G. Jónsson, "Drög til landnámssögu Islendinga vid nordurhluta Manitobavatns" (Icel. "Source material for history of pioneer settlement along northern part of Lake Manitoba" *Alm.* 1937, 45-66); J. Jónsson, "Samband Islendinga austan og vestan hafs" (Icel. "League of Icelanders on both sides of sea" *Hkr.* Feb. 27, 1935); M. Jónsson, "Landnámssaga mín" (Icel. "Story of my pioneering" *Alm.* 1937, 89-94); P. J. Klassen, "Der Weg, den die Ahnen gingen" (Ger. "Road that our ancestors trod," serially in *Der Nordwesten* March 3 - Sept. 15, 1937), "So was Es, 1900-1933" (Ger. "Thus it was, 1900-1933," serially in *Der Herold*, Newton, Kansas, since Oct. 14, 1937); R. E. Kvaran, "Um Amerikumenn" (Icel. "Concerning Americans" *Eimreidin* and *Lbg.* 1935); G. J. Oleson, "Sögu-ágrip Islendinga í Sudur-Cypress sveitinni í Manitoba" (Icel. "Summary history of Icelanders in South Cypress district of Manitoba" *Alm.* 1935, 21-54; cont. 1936 and 1937); R. Pétursson, "Heimskringla 50 ára" (Icel. "Fifty years of Icelandic newspaper, Heimskringla" *Hkr.* Oct. 14, 1936); A. Prusky, "125-litny yubiley mista Kamloops" (Ukr. "125-year jubilee of the city of Kamloops" *UH* Aug. 11, 1937), "Ukrayinske zhinotstvo v Kanadi" (Ukr. "Ukrainian women in Canada" *UH* Sept. 25, 1935).

C. Criticism of Canadian Literature and Speech

(a) General and Miscellaneous

R. Beck, "Lögberg fimmtíu ára" (Icel. "*Lögberg's* golden jubilee" *Lbg.* Dec. 1937); S. Einarsson, "Nokkur synishorn af vestur-íslenzku og rannsóknum um hana" (Icel. "Some specimens of Canadian-Icelandic speech and researches into it" *Lbg.* Dec. 21, 1937); J. B. Holm, "Á íslenzk tunga og thjóderni ad hverfa eins og dropi í sjóinn vestan hafs?" (Icel. "Are Icelandic language and race in North America to disappear like a drop in the sea?" *Hkr.* 1935); P. J. Klassen, "Plattdeutsch nur Ballast?" (Ger. "Is Plattdeutsch only ballast?" *Der Bote* Dec. 1935).

(b) Poetry

R. Beck, "K.N. og kvedskapur hans" (Icel. "Kristján Niels Júlíus and his poetry" *Hkr.* and *Lbg.* 1935), "Skáldid Kristján N. Júlíus" (Icel. "K.N.J., the poet" *Samtidin*, Reykjavík, Nov. 1937, 10-4; Dec. 1937, 18-23); F. S. Cawley, "Mesta skáld Vesturheims: Stephan G. Stephansson" (Icel. "North America's chief poet, S. G. S." *TTI* 1937); R. Pétursson, "K. N. Júlíus" (Icel. *TTI* 1936), "Ræda vid afhjupun Minnisvarda Stephan G. Stephanssonar" (Icel. "Address at unveiling of memorial to S. G. S." *Hkr.* Aug. 8, 1936); S. Skulason, "Jakobina Johnson, skáldkona" (Icel. "J.J. poetess" *Lbg.* May 23, 1935).

D. Selected Publications in Arts and Crafts in Canada

E. P. Jónsson, "Málverk Emile Walters" (Icel. "Paintings of E. W." *Lbg.* April 4, 1936); R. H. Ragnar, "Hljómlist Vestur-Islendinga fyrr og nú" (Icel. "Art of music among Canadian Icelanders, formerly and now" *Hkr.* Oct. 14, 1936), "Tónlist og menning" (Icel. "Art of music and civilization" *Lbg.* Dec. 12, 1937).

III. POETRY

BOZYK, PANTELEMON. *Kanadyska Muza* (Ukr. "Canadian muse"). Yorkton, Sask., Redemptorist Fathers, 1936, 192pp.

FRIESEN, ISAAC P. *Im Dienste des Meisters* (Ger. "In the service of the Master"). Vol. I, Konstanz, Buch- und Kunstverlag Carl Hirsch, n.d., 144pp.; vol. II, Konstanz, Christliche Verlagsanstalt, n.d., 184pp.

KMETA, IVAN (M. ICHNYANSKY, *pseud.*). *Lyra Emigranta* (Ukr. "Emigrant's lyre"). Winnipeg, Ukr. Bookstore Press, 1936, 138pp.

MILLER, MAX. *Fun Shturm* (Yiddish "Of the storm"). Edmonton, 1936, 68pp.

MULYARCHYK, JOHN. *Promin Zhyttia* (Ukr. "Ray of life"). Detroit, 1937, 16pp. *Smikh Pralisa* (Ukr. "Laughter of the forest"). Detroit, 1937, 25pp.

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Der Bote; Mennonitische Warte; MR.), I. KMETA (M. ICHNYANSKY, *pseud.*) (Ukr. *C Farmer, C Ranok, NS, UH, Mowa, Nasha Kultura, Ridna, etc.*, Poland; *Sword of Gideon*, Manchukuo), S. KOWBEL (Ukr. *NS*), U. KRAVCHENKO (Ukr. *NS*), L. KRISTJÁNSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*; *Lbg.*), T. KR. KRISTJÁNSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), M. KULHAVETS (Ukr. *NS*), M. KUMKA (Ukr. *UH*), VICTOR KUPCHENKO (Ukr. *UW* and Almanac of *UW*), VOLODYMYR KUPCHENKO (Ukr. *The Call; NS*), J. KWOKA (Polish *Czas*), E. LÁRUSDÓTTIR (Icel. *TTI* 1936), S. LEKHNER (Ukr. *NS*), CARL LINDOFF (Swed. *Canada Posten*), O. LÖVGREN (Swed. *ibid.*), A. LUHOWY (Ukr. *CFarmer; NS; Svoboda; UH*), B. LYASHUK (Ukr. *UH*), L. MAK (Ukr. *UH*), E. MANDYCHEVSKY (Ukr. *NS*), M. MARKUSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*; *Lbg.*), M. MUKHA (Ukr. *UH*), A. S. MYRDAL (Icel. *Hkr.*; *Lbg.*), I. NARIZHNA (Ukr. *NS*), L. B. NORDAL (Icel. *Hkr.*), J. J. NORMAN (Icel. *Hkr.*), J. NOWOSAD (Ukr. *UH* May 1935, May, Nov. 1937), K. NOWOSAD (Ukr. *UH* May 1935, April 1936), S. OLINYK (Ukr. *NS*), N. OTTENSON (Icel. *Lbg.*), K. S. PÁLSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*; *Lbg.*), P. S. PÁLSSON (Icel. *Eimreidin*, Reykjavík; *Hkr.*; *TTI*), V. PÁLSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), G. PAULSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), A. P. PODOLYANKA (Ukr. *CFarmer*), A. PONUR (Ukr. *Farmers' Life; Ukr. Labor News; Working Women*), M. ROMANOVA (Ukr. *UH*), S. RUDANSKY (Ukr. *UH*), S. J. SCHEVING (Icel. *Hkr.*), T. SHEWCHUK (Ukr. *NS*), Y. SHKRYMELYAK (Ukr. *UH*), K. SIGFUSDÓTTIR (Icel. *Ardís*), GUDMUNDUR STEFÁNSSON (Icel. *Lbg.*), GUNNBJÖRN STEFÁNSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), J. STEFÁNSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), R. STEFÁNSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), STEPHAN G. STEPHANSSON (Icel. posthumous fragments in *TTI*), T. STEPHANSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), O. SYROTYNSKA (Ukr. *UH*), B. THORBERGSON (Icel. *Sgn.*), J. THORBERGSON (Icel. *TTI*), N. S. THORLÁKSSON (Icel. *Sgn.*), G. THORLEIFSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), B. THORSTEINSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), T. TH. THORSTEINSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*; *Lbg.*), B. TONTSO (Ukr. *UH*), S. TRACH (Ukr. *NS*), I. TRESHNEWSKA (Ukr. *UW*), W. TULEWITROW (Ukr. *CFarmer; NS; Tochyla*), S. VAGNSSON (Icel. *Hkr.*), S. WESELKA (Ukr. *NS*), P. WILGAN (Pol. *Czas*), D. YANDOVA (Ukr. *NS*), J. YASENCHUK (Ukr. *Klych*, "The Call," Edmonton; *UH*), R. ZAWADOWICZ (Ukr. *UH*).

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